Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 234 DECEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 6

Apéritif

Forgotten Old Men

PRESUMABLY the shouting is all over by now: people have emptied their mind of politics for another four years. There are doubtless quiet tears being shed still, a few post-mortems wrangled over, a great many warriors for the public weal looking for prosaic private jobs; but, in the main, proportion is being restored and attention given again to necessary work. Every one knows at least the names of what we shall for a while have to put up with in the way of politicians. The subject, perhaps, would be better dropped.

But in all that prodigious October shouting something was overlooked, a possiblity that might have saved a number of headaches for those conservative and high-minded citizens who worry over the state of our Treasury and other such weighty matters. This is the age of prospective Congressmen. There was, and is, a deal of trepidation on the bonus question, yet much of it could have been avoided. People could have been urged to vote only for old candidates, in fact definitely superannuated candidates — men tottering so weakly on the verge of eternity that ambition was impossible for them, so decrepit that the very thought of appearing again on the hustings would prostrate them for the winter. Such men in office would be unaffected by the threats of minority interests, like the veterans, since the only threats minorities can utter are defeat at the next election. Their failing legislative vision would be directed only toward the nation's welfare, their ears deaf to the pleadings of all special interests, as well as to nearly everything else.

In common with all sound projects, this one might have had its drawbacks. Congress would have returned to its earlier dignity, if only for want of strength to be unseemly, but a quorum might be as hard to achieve as a balanced budget in these days — wheel-chairs *would* break down and rheumatism claim its own. While the saving of taxpayers' money on Congressional Record printing probably would be enough to support our army of idle, since the old gentlemen would be too weak to make long set speeches,

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there is almost the certainty that their enfeebled minds would wander far farther from any subject under discussion than the wildest imaginings of our previous filibusterers, and that a whole corps of mesmerizers would be needed to bring their attention to a vote — though if the mesmerizers' honesty could be kept intact, the final result invariably would be for the good, or as the President wished, which is considered the same thing.

On the whole, however, it would have proved an excellent undertaking. Just as the War demonstrated the unwisdom of our elders, so the depression has unveiled the clay feet of our boy bankers and other youths. If we tried obviously decayed mentalities and found them wanting for the business of statesmanship, we could go to the other extreme and set a maximum age limit of six months on aspirants to the sacred halls of Congress. Anyhow we should have been trying to progress.

Death at All Hours

Some time ago in The North American Review Mr. Herbert L. Coggins remarked on the progress of efficiency in murder. He showed that, while it took about five tons of lead to kill a soldier in the Great War and cost $20,000 during the Marion strike riots six men were killed and a score wounded with less than five tons of lead — which according to our computation amounts to about $3,000 per corpse. Now the South Americans have come forward to shame us. The Controller General of Ecuador gives figures which indicate that in suppressing the latest revolution it cost only $300 apiece to kill some 500 men. But, of course, we must consider the lowered costs of living.

A report from Canton bearing on the same subject, shows that the Chinese are, as usual, much more intelligent than any one else. The Mayor of Meihsien decided to apply the direct method to his city's leprosy problem. He invited all lepers to come on a certain day to his yamen, whence, he promised, they would be taken to a hospital to receive at the city's expense a treatment that would be certain to cure them. "In some manner," the report says, "the Mayor's intentions leaked out and most of the lepers in Meihsien either fled or found secure hiding places." Any one with proper respect for the Chinese mind will realize that the Mayor himself devised the manner in which his intentions leaked out. At any rate, three women were all the lepers who took him at his word, arriving at his office with great expectations. They "were seized, paraded through the streets like common criminals, with beating of drums and blowing of trumpets, and shot to death in front of a great crowd." The next day there was not a leper to be found in the city; those that had remained before the execution took promptly to their heels when they heard of it.

Probably, though the report says nothing of this matter, it took no more than a dozen ounces of lead to cure these women. Had the Mayor's intentions remained secret, it would have taken something much nearer a ton. His purpose, which was to rid the city of lepers, was just as well

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achieved at far less cost. There is a salutary lesson in this, and its applications could be many in this country. The reader will have no difficulty filling them in.

Footnote

PREMIER MUSSOLINI'S message of spirituality which he gives out to the world in the pages following these seems to have a good deal of sound sense in it; there is no doubt at all that our political and economic systems are out of gear within themselves and in their relations with one another. However, his goal of "life and life more abundantly" for the spiritual aim of the world has a paradoxical look about it. If other nations were to increase and multiply in the manner which Italians have been encouraged to follow these past ten years, it would be much more difficult for Mussolini to find place for his country's overflow. That, of course, is the vulnerable point in the logic of his change of tone from the stridently martial to the cooing of peaceful protestations: so far there has been no apparent diminution of Il Duce's desire to populate Italy as China is populated, and every one is aware of Malthus's doctrine on the effects on peace of overpopulation — even Mussolini.

The material for a more amusing commentary — at least to those skeptical souls who insist on finding signs of inflation in every great public figure — is in a despatch that came from Italy at the end of last month. In the interview with Miss Blankner, Mussolini describes his method of organizing and helping the intellectual elements of Italian society. "We have founded the Italian Academy," he says, "to protect and advance the literary, artistic, scientific and historical work of the nation." And he mentions other organizations of the intelligentsia. Well, the despatch described the elevating work of one of these organizations as the collection of 3,000 books, pamphlets, essays and sundry other writings — on the subject of Mussolini. The yes-men wear black shirts, too. W. A. D.

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What a Real Dictator Would Do

By Fredericka Blanker

For those many people who have bewailed the lack of a "strong man" to solve our problems, here is Benito Mussolini's prescription

"To solve the world problem we must recognize and treat it as such — not as a national problem nor as a collection of national problems, for it is neither. It is a problem concerning the world as a unit, and it must be met with a sense of world unity, world coöperation and management not heretofore sufficiently present in the international parleys. It must be solved with simplicity, honesty and decision — with spirituality instead of materialism. And it must be met with the viewpoint of tomorrow."

It is Mussolini speaking in Palazzo Venezia, Rome, in the great Sala del Mappamondo that is his study. Across that massive desk of his upon which have been drawn the solutions of the Italian problems of the past decade, in a series of conversations, I am asking the Italian Premier, creator of the Corporative State, what would be his solution of the problems of the world — what he believes is wrong with the world, how in his judgment government can best help business, how he would adjust capital and labor, what in his opinion should be done to meet the present crisis and to avoid depressions in the future. In its economic, political and social uncertainty, in its provincial insularity, the world today is not unlike the Italy before the March on Rome. The problems today confronting many other nations and the world, in kind, are not unlike the problems that were given into Mussolini's charge in 1922 when he was made Italy's Prime Minister.

"The world is already entering upon tomorrow, but for the most part its Governments and its discussions are of yesterday. True, the problems remaining to us from yesterday must be solved before we can advance, but they must be solved with the viewpoint of tomorrow. We keep trying to apply the solutions of yesterday and they do not fit for they are too puny and complex for the newer, simpler, greater world into which we are evolving.

"The present crisis is not a period of alternation within an epoch. It is the beginning of transition to another era. The world is making ready for a new order — it has outgrown the old. Part of the past is dying, much is dead, and the future is being born.

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The peoples of the world are beginning to awaken to a sense of new values, something new within themselves that has been lying dormant until now. These new values and forces are mainly spiritual. It is the task of the leaders of the world to assist evolution. They must discover what the new forces are, they must be brave enough to discard what is already dead or dying, and to devise systems in which the new is actively substituted for the old. Many of the difficulties with which we are struggling are confusions of the issue and are not the real problem."

"What would be an example?"

"Perhaps even the problem of peace. Even that may not be so vital as we think it is, peace in the sense we have always interpreted it — political peace between nations. Perhaps the problem of peace already has been solved in the spirit of man, needing only recognition by the world conferences to make the solution tangible and effective.

"Man's wants continue to be the same as they have always been, but he is beginning to realize that he will have to find another way to obtain them. The masses already know the answer within themselves. They realize that it is not by fighting that they can get what they want, but by working — by team-working, in which the United States is so able — that is, by coöperation.

"For the moment," he answers further, "we have the anachronism of national representatives solemnly discussing the technicalities of means of warfare and limitations of armaments in a world where every one wants only to work! It is another peace, the cessation of another war that is the immediate and vital problem — the cessation of the economic war — in which it is daily becoming more obvious that there can be no victory."

SINCE in attempting a solution the first essential is to see the problem itself clearly, to "see it steadily and see it whole," I ask: "What is your analysis of the major difficulty that is crippling the movement and therefore the life of the world today?"

"I find our civilization to be dual," Mussolini replies, "both economic and political. It is composed of economic elements maladjusted to each other and of political elements maladjusted to each other and to the economic."

"Certain of our elements have outgrown their coördination?"

"Yes, just as there is, for example, a period of awkwardness during the development of a child's body when nature's energetic building of bones outstrips her coördination of them."

"Then we have at last," I venture, reflecting on his words, "the machine that writers of fiction have been fond of prophesying, a machine grown beyond human control — a system-machine that man made and set going, and at first found to be a true horn of plenty pouring forth for him all the wealth of the world, only to develop it with such energy that it has become greater than he, has acquired a momentum of its own. . . ."

"Exactly . . . and the horn of plenty turns out to be a Juggernaut! The difficulty is that capitalism has ceased to be an instrument and has become a divinity. The normal has become abnormal. The physiological pathological.

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"Man's economic system has grown beyond his mental grasp and therefore beyond his control," Mussolini resumes his analysis, "his economic system has become international and has outgrown his economic consciousness, which has remained nationalistic. And on the other hand there is the reverse situation: that his political consciousness has become international, outgrowing his political system, which has remained nationalistic. Herein is the difficulty encountered but not recognized at the peace conferences. By strange anomaly it is his political consciousness and not his economic consciousness that has kept pace with his internationally growing economic machine.

"So, lured by the rich fruits of economic adventuring, man has forgotten to care equally how he is governed! Seeking control of the external world for material benefits alone he has let its spirit elude him and therefore he has lost it. In his passion to control the world, man has lived too much outside himself, and he has therefore lost control of himself, which means that he has lost control of the world. Indeed he has doubly lost the world that he would gain, for he has lost both the inner world and the outer. We may not so soon again confuse the means with the end. Persistent failure in the stock market has served to teach us that the only investment that is sure of dividends is life.

"However, it is precisely the vastness of this economic reach that has served to bring about an international political consciousness that might otherwise have been delayed.

"The difficulty is that though man has an international consciousness and an international system there is lack of adjustment, for one is political and the other is economic. His economic system being greater than his political system, they are no longer geared together. Therefore parts of the world machine have stopped running and the others are running badly.

"From this inactivity results the depression.

"Man must study the vast economic machine that he has built until he has expanded his consciousness to grasp it. He must study the economic relationships that have developed, stretching across mountains, across oceans, even around the earth — economic States whose antipodes are linked as vitally as New York's suburbs are linked with New York: the territories that produce the raw materials and fuel with the territory of the factory, and that in turn with the territories of the consumer — often three ends of the earth. These international economic relationships are invisible on the maps but they are none the less real.

"We need new maps!

"These relationships are the great unknown whose reality is making itself more felt each day. No solution of the world problem can be successful that does not definitely take count of them."

From the international I turn to the national. "What would be your solution of the national problem of the modern State?"

"The national problem of the modern State, shared by the States in common, is only the international problem on a smaller scale," Musso-

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lini answers. "The same development of economic interests and boundaries that has been taking place among the States has been taking place also within the States. For example, the continual proposals among citizens of the United States for economic committees, industrial congresses and 'organized control of industry' are a recognition of the importance in the present-day national life of these economic interests. This transformation has come about in Italy as well as elsewhere.

"My solution of the problem in Italy is the Corporative State, Italy's interpretation of coöperation, functioning now for six years.

"Since civilization in Italy today, like civilization elsewhere in the world, is mainly industrial-economic," he explains, "we have therefore in our reform made the government of Italian civilization industrial-economic. Our legislation has always aimed to be intensely practical, dealing with things as they are and letting theory follow, not precede, fact. Since purely territorial interests have been outgrown and no longer have any meaning politically, we have not directly represented them in the Corporative State. The people of Italy are no longer divided into categories according to provinces but into categories of greater significance — that is, as workers, producers.

"We have seven such categories or 'corporations' — of industry, of agriculture, of commerce, of sea and air transportation, of land and inland-water transportation, and of the professions and arts, comprising all the material and spiritual forces of the nation. The corporations are in turn divided into confederations of employers and employed.

"For convenience of reunion and discussion of common interests we have subdivided these various confederations territorially into syndicates, but these are divisions only for convenience. The divisions of significance are the industrial ones.

"It means that voting is no longer done from the less significant viewpoint of residence but from the viewpoint of man's major interest, his occupation.

"Thus the persons composing each of the corporations just named vote for representatives within their class and send these representatives to the Chamber of Deputies, which in Italy might be called a House of Industrial Representatives. It will be noted that exactly the same people are represented as before. The difference lies in the grouping, according to occupation instead of residence — a fundamental difference.

"But it must not be thought that the constitutional reform has meant merely a substitution of economic-social interests for territorial interests. There is another change, again simple but fundamental: in the national interpretation of representative and representation."

He is referring to the fact that, though the Corporations are seven in number, they have, in reality, in the idea of the Corporative State, been coördinated to form one corporation only, which is Italy. Therein is the meaning of the Corporative State, a union of corporations of production, employers and employed, themselves mutually incorporated to form one major corporation, the State. Thus the Corporative State purposes

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that the energies of the nation be no longer dispersed but concentrated, coördinated. Though separate in function, their action is unified.

My eyes rest on the giant fasces decorating the fireplace opposite. I can not refrain from commenting on how perfect a symbol it is — the rods representing the corporations, all of them bound together by the national colors into a compact mass. "*E pluribus unum*" — the symbol of union used also on American dimes.

"Yes, the bands of national colors binding the rods well symbolize the new national meaning of representation. For the function of each Deputy now is to represent, not, as it was before, a political party, nor yet the transportation or agricultural or other category by which he has been elected, but to represent Italy, Italy as a unit, the welfare of the entire Italian people — even if in some special case the welfare of the nation might mean to vote against the temporary interest of the class or corporation. He brings the point of view of his occupation to the Chamber, but his vote must be not financial nor industrial but Italian.

"Such a vote is, however," he adds, "always in the ultimate interest of the Deputy's particular category for — and this is an essential tenet of my Government — the only way to assure the welfare of any part or of all parts is to assure the welfare of the whole. It is this lesson," he observes, "that the present world crisis is teaching us, continuing to teach us on a large scale — a lesson we must learn if we are to solve the world problem."

"How essential does Your Excellency consider the hierarchic element of your economic State?"

"The factors of the Corporative State have been coördinated in the form of a hierarchy for the same reason that an army is organized as a hierarchy. That is to say, efficiency — first essential in a nation like Italy without natural resources, forced to compete with the world economically to live — the efficiency that comes only from concentrated power and concentrated responsibility enabling the nation to act as a unit. Italy for the past decade has wished to apply to the reconstruction and production of peace the same conserved, concentrated and directed energy that has been applied in the past only to war.

"In addition," he resumes after a brief pause, "the Italian State is a hierarchy because this is the form into which the Italian people naturally organize, the two classic examples being the Roman Empire and the Roman Catholic Church.

"But the hierarchy is not, needless to say, an essential part of economic representation.

"The Corporative State," he concludes, "is the externalization of Italy's spiritual unity; after centuries of foreign oppression, a half-century of revolution brought her her geographic unity; she then had to pass through the travail of the World War and of subsequent socialism and communism to attain the unity of her spirit.

"It is this unity more than anything else that has been responsible for Italy's decade of progress; for unity alone makes possible that conservation, concentration and direction of energy that is the solution of

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the national problem as well as of the international problem — of all problems in the human or scientific world."

"WHAT solution would Your Excellency advise for the problem of capital and labor?" I ask Mussolini at the beginning of the next conversation.

"In answering how I would solve the capital-labor problem," Mussolini replies, "I can only say how I have solved it in Italy.

"The Corporative State is, as I have said, a Government organized along lines of production, prime essential for the life of a modern nation. Since production is uninterrupted when capital and labor are in harmony and interrupted when they are at variance, and since uninterrupted production is necessary for the mutual welfare of both capital and labor and for the welfare of the nation, the Corporative State eliminates all class struggle and substitutes class coöperation. It stands for the equilibrium of opposed interests.

"For the regulation of capital and labor and the perfection of production we have made a special Charter of Labor, one of the fundamental documents of our revolution, a social contract which substitutes new economic principles for those of the French Revolution which we have abandoned." The Charter of Labor to which Mussolini refers recognizes capital and labor as organs of the State equal in importance, duties and rights, and subordinated individually and collectively to the higher interests of production. In the Italian idea all economic forces must converge to one aim, the augmentation of production and therefore of wealth, which alone can assure improving conditions for all workers and citizens of the nation. Since strikes and lock-outs interfere with production, strikes and lock-outs are outlawed; and capital-labor courts are provided for the settlement of them, so that the rhythm of national life and production may go on uninterrupted.

"The Charter of Labor," Mussolini comments, "protects and encourages private initiative and private ownership, considering them as a most valuable instrument of national life — and integrates them into the State."

"The Charter of Labor provides also for Government assistance of production in times of crisis when production is unable to carry on alone. During the present depression producer after producer has appealed to me for aid," Mussolini relates. "At such times the State rallies the banks to the assistance of the industries and the industries to the assistance of the workers for the ultimate good of all classes. It seeks through scientific means to coördinate production and consumption, to reduce the cost of production in coördination with falling prices, to calculate consumption in advance of production.

"And the Governments of the world," he adds, "can no longer remain disinterested in the destiny of the nations' economic interests, especially after this world experience of crisis."

"Has the State found it possible to give assistance in all cases of appeal?" I ask.

"No, for the State has assisted, as

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the Charter of Labor provides, those industries that are serious and fundamental, and has permitted to die wild-cat industries irresponsibly conceived and directed, schemes for the exploitation of the public and detrimental to the soundness of the national body economic. The State has also at various times discouraged too large a proportion of business given to luxuries, this because Italy, relatively a poor nation, needs her manual and financial energy for necessities. But even in a country more richly endowed with natural resources there is serious danger where luxuries are the major business. In the interest of the nation — as well as in their own interest — too large a proportion of luxuries should be avoided, for in time of economic crisis, such as the present, there is money only for necessities, and the failure of the luxury industries imperils the entire country."

"How can a nation overcome the depression and avoid the recurrence of financial crises?"

"Through unity and spirituality.

"Spirituality, together with its sister unity, is what the world today needs most. Therefore, together with coöperation, my answer as to how the modern nation should meet this depression and avoid further depressions is that the State should recognize the power and value of the nation's spiritual resources as equal in importance to its natural resources and study and conserve them accordingly.

"As I have mentioned, without natural resources Italy a decade ago set herself the task of wiping out a tremendous national deficit, of paying her War debts, of achieving economic integrity. To attain this I stimulated first of all the spirit of the Italian people. Whatever Italy has achieved of economic vitality and reconstruction has been mainly through spiritual resources (students of the basis of our economics know how true this is), through a substitution of courage, tenacity and work for the iron, coal, gold and oil which we lack. We know the power of the spirit in Italy today, for New Italy with its schools, roads, bridges, hydro-electric plants, aqueducts, workmen's houses and reclaimed marsh-lands is primarily a creation of the spirit.

"First, we have been careful to incorporate the spirit as well as the body of industry into the Corporative State. Industry, as you will have observed, has been interpreted by us in a large sense to mean intellectual and spiritual industry as well as manual. The intellectuals as such have been organized and incorporated into the nation along with the bankers and farmers. And, for example, considering the talent or genius of men of science engaged in research as one of the most valuable and indispensable resources of the country, the State has established and organized under its direct patronage a National Council of Scientific Research to guarantee material and spiritual well-being to men of science, the State itself to coördinate their activities with the needs of industry, farming, commerce and administration. We have founded the Italian Academy to protect and advance the literary, artistic, scientific and historical work of the nation. There is also the National Institute

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of Fascist Culture directed by the philosopher Giovanni Gentile, the Historico-Diplomatic Commission, Annual Congress of the Philosophers, the annual Book Fairs, Government literary prizes, critical editions of the Latin and Italian classics, expositions of the fine arts — all of them fields of spiritual life directly sponsored by the State, as much a part of Government activity as its issuance of currency or its enforcement of the law.

"Second," the Italian Premier enumerates, "is the direct interest of the State in education. One of New Italy's first reforms was in education — for the development of character as well as mentality, and the integration of character with life. The Italian Government acts for the cultivation of man's spiritual wealth through its Ministry of Education, as important in the State as its Ministry of Marine.

"And third, through government by intelligence. In the making of our laws as in all our activities we call regularly on the country's intellectual resources, appointing specialists to our commissions, a large proportion of them university professors. We have aimed to substitute political scientists for politicians in a desire to make laws worthy of the people's respect; we believe that the only happiness and well-being are in harmony with the law. We exalt the law, for the ideal law hampers only those tendencies of man that are less worthy and frees all that are more desirable. In such law is true freedom.

"In the State direction of farming we have commissions, mostly of professors of agriculture, giving expert advice to all the farmers of Italy, helping in the selection of seeds, fertilizer, machinery, and in the Government land reclamation, etc. No State can afford to be indifferent to agriculture, since it is the very basis of life and therefore of prosperity."

"And the *Dopolavoro?*" I refer to the national Italian "after-work" recreational and cultural institutions for the workers.

"Yes, there is the *Dopolavoro*, too, one of the most important elements of my Government. I feel that the *Dopolavoro* with its various branches of instruction, artistic, physical, social, hygienic, together with its theatres, libraries, excursions, etc., is vital; for man's increasing leisure is one of the major problems of every State, offering as it does possibility for peril or growth according to the opportunities afforded by the environment. And certainly our State censorship of recreation is one of our most effective means of conserving spiritual and mental energy, especially the censorship of the cinema with its vast powers for either moral decadence or recreational wholesomeness. Then there are the Public Works, the Protection of Maternity and Infancy, the organizations of young people — all among the various channels we utilize to incorporate spiritual energy into the State."

In the Public Works, to which Mussolini refers, Italy, again through a special Ministry, instead of subsidizing idleness and lowering morale through a dole, directs such funds into the improvement of the country — the erection of public buildings, workmen's houses, roads, reclamation projects, etc., solving at the

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same time in large measure the problem also of the unemployed War veteran.

"Through the organizations of girls and boys and young men," the Premier comments, touching again upon the concept that the future is at least equal in reality with the present, "we transmit to Italy of tomorrow the unified national consciousness and the spiritual ideal of our country.

"Direction and development of the spirit, that is my answer to your question as to what the world needs most to meet this material crisis and to avert further crises."

About ten years ago Mussolini defined the goal of Italy as that of becoming a nation without which it would be impossible to conceive the future history of humanity. I recall that definition to him.

"Yes," he replies, "and I feel we are nearer that goal precisely because we have aimed for it."

"And what would you consider as a worthy goal for the world?"

"Life and life more abundantly, the only true and worthy goal of man. Life is the motive of all man's actions, however blind and even though his sense of its meaning be clouded — the goal of our civilization and of all civilization. We must consciously recognize this goal and use our intelligence to achieve the spirit and unity that are the only means to attain it.

"Our international conferences have failed in so far as their sense has been divided and materialistic. They would succeed at once if they kept paramount harmony and the considerations of the spirit. 'Considerations of the spirit in economic conferences?' it will be asked. By all means! In our economics is just where we have needed the spirit and where we have lacked it most — therefore our disintegration. Let man face and know his own soul, and our problem is solved. One man can do much. A group, spiritually united, can perform miracles."

It is the end of the concluding conversation. Mussolini rises from his desk and goes to the window from which he has looked upon the upturned faces of so many crowds of Romans. He stands there gazing beyond the monument of modern Italy and beyond the Colosseum and Forum of the past into the future. "This is the world of the future," he describes it, "a world of more abundant life such as we have not known before. This is the new world that we are entering, where man will be more truly free for — well, as America defines it, 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

"With our intelligence, our spirit, we have made our civilization," he resumes again in Italian, "with our spirit we must save it." It is the spirit, then, which is our pathway to the future, over chaos. What is dying in our civilization is only a false idea.

"New Italy has a battle cry of peace. It is '*A Noi!*' — '*It is ours!*' —" Mussolini looks down at the *Piazza* that has often thundered back to him that cry — "the responsibility, the danger, the glory.

"A new era is dawning — the era of the future and we men of today — only we — can be its creators."

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Rocking Chair

By Morley Callaghan

A story

All the way home from work that evening Thomas Boultbee thought of Easter Sunday, which was only two days away, and of his young wife, Elsie, who had died of pneumonia and been buried in the last winter month. As Thomas Boultbee started to climb the stairs to his apartment he felt very lonely. His feet felt heavy. By the time he got to the landing he seemed unreasonably weary and he rested to take a deep breath. He was a tall, thin young man wearing a baggy tweed suit. He had a fair curling moustache which he sometimes touched with the tip of his tongue, and his blue eyes behind the heavy tortoise shell glasses were deep set and wistful. He had been thinking how all the church bells would ring on Easter Sunday while the choirs sang of the Lord who had risen from the dead, and he hoped it would be a crystal clear, sunlit day. Last Easter, at a time when he and Elsie had been married only a few weeks, they had gone to church together and he had held her hand tightly even while they knelt down to pray. Her eyes had been closed as she knelt beside him and he had kept on looking at the expression of contentment on her nervous face half framed in her bobbed dark hair. "I guess there's no use thinking of that," he said as he started to climb the stairs again, yet he went on thinking stubbornly that all over the country on Sunday there would be a kind of awakening after the winter, in the city the church choirs would chant that the dead had returned to life, and for some reason it stirred him to feel that Elsie was so alive and close to him in his own thoughts.

In the narrow hall below his own apartment he encountered Hilda Adams, a friend of his wife, who was going out, dressed in a smart blue suit and a little blue straw hat. She was an assertive, fair-haired, solidly built girl. Since Elsie had died Hilda Adams had taken it for granted with too much confidence that Boultbee wanted her to look after him. In the dimly lit hall, she waited, smiling, leaning back against the wall.

"Hello, Hilda," he said. "Have you got your new Easter suit on?"

"I sure have. How do you like it, Tom," she said turning and pivoting with one foot off the floor."

"It looks good. When I was coming along the street I was thinking

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that Easter was Elsie's favorite time of the year."

"I know, Tom, but be a little fairer to yourself," she said brusquely as she pulled on her black gloves. "You oughtn't to go around always with a long face like that. It isn't right." And for no other reason than that she had a malicious disposition and was irritated by his persistent devotion to his dead wife, she said, "Poor little Elsie. I was thinking of her today. She didn't have much of a chance to enjoy anything, did she? There were even little things she missed."

"What little things?" he said.

"Oh, nothing much," she said, smoothing her coat at the hips with her gloved hands. "You know, just a few days before she died the poor soul told me about a rocking chair she saw downtown and had her heart set on. Fancy that."

"You must have got her wrong," he said. "She didn't really want that chair. We were saving to get along. I was studying engineering at nights and we needed every nickel. But I had planned to get her the chair for her birthday."

Taking a sly, knowing look at him, Hilda Adams patted him on the shoulder, took a deep, sighing breath and said, "Cheer up. See you later, bye-bye."

Thomas Boultbee was such a serious young man that as soon as he was alone in his own room he sat down, took off his glasses and thought of the last time he had been downtown with Elsie and they had seen the wicker rocking chair in the furniture department. She had hardly mentioned wanting the chair. When passing along the aisle in the department she had felt tired and had sat down in the rocker and smiled up at him. Then she had got up, still smiling, and had patted the chair with her hand. It had never occurred to him that she would come home and tell Miss Adams that she wanted that chair.

That night Boultbee did not sleep well: he had a bad dream, and then he lay awake wondering why Elsie had been afraid to ask him for the chair.

All the next day while at work Boultbee was wishing earnestly that he could find some way to show Elsie that he would not have begrudged her anything in the world. He thought of telling her in a prayer. The more he thought of it the closer she seemed to him and then he decided at noontime when he was out in the crowded streets that he would like to do something more definite than praying. He had just come out of a drugstore after having a sandwich and a cup of coffee and was looking at the noonday crowd passing along the street. A great many of the women were wearing their winter clothes for the last time. On Easter Sunday they would put on their new dresses and if it was a fine clear day they would go for a walk down the avenue with men carrying canes and wearing spats. Boultbee and his wife had watched the fashion parade last year. It had been like watching people coming to life in new raiment and getting ready for the new season. As he lit a cigarette, he smiled and thought, "Maybe nothing, or no one ever dies."

Then he grinned shyly to himself and said, "I'd like an awful lot to go and buy that chair and take it home

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and have it in the room for Easter Sunday." He wouldn't admit to himself at all that he was trying to prove he had never begrudged anything to Elsie.

On saturday afternoon Boultbee went downtown to the store and into the furniture department. At first he had the notion that the one wicker chair might be gone, but as he stood in the aisle, looking around at long rows of chairs he at once saw eight or nine brown wicker ones just like the one Elsie had wanted, plain wicker rockers with a little padding on the seat and on the arms. But when the salesman approached him he felt uneasy and foolish. "If I want to buy a chair why can't I buy a chair?" he thought stubbornly. His sudden amiable grin startled the salesman who had been too tired to notice him particularly. "I've had this chair picked out for some time," Boultbee said as he put his hand in his pocket for the money. Then he surprised himself by adding confidentially, "I had planned to get this chair for my wife. I don't know why she liked this one particularly."

"If she liked it then, she'll like it now," the salesman said with judicial assurance. "And it'll stand up against a lot of wear, too."

"Well, that's what you always want in a chair," Boultbee agreed. "It isn't so much what a chair looks like as what it'll stand up under," he added, wanting the fellow to think him a sage and practical man who had bought hundreds of chairs.

On Easter Sunday when he got up he wouldn't admit that he was eager, but he was quite pleased with himself. He didn't wait to dress. He put on his old brown dressing gown and his bathroom slippers and went into the living room to look at the rocking chair. There it was by the table. With a gentle motion he rocked it back and forth a few times, a faint, tender smile at the corners of his mouth because it was so easy to imagine that Elsie was sitting there in her pale blue printed house-dress. He began to walk up and down, his slippers slapping the floor. Then he went over to the window and looked out: it was just the kind of a Sunday he had wanted it to be with a cloudless blue sky and streaming sunlight. For a long time he listened to the clanging church bells and watched the people moving down on the sidewalk. "I ought to let Hilda Adams look at the chair and see if she gets the idea at all," he said.

He got dressed in a hurry. But when he went downstairs and rapped on Miss Adams's door he felt both shy and awkward for it occurred to him it would be hard to explain why he bought the chair, if he were asked, especially if she didn't get the idea at once. Her blue eyes snapped wide open when she saw him. She held her pink dressing gown across her throat. As she began to show that she was pleased at seeing him there, with a kind of boyish expression on his face, he said, "Say, Hilda, come on upstairs and have a bit of breakfast with me, will you? You know, it's Easter and we'll boil a lot of eggs."

"That's a fine idea. Just sit down like a good boy," she said.

Miss Adams almost laughed to herself. "The poor fellow's lonely and can't hold out any longer," she thought. As she ran in and out of her

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bedroom, daubing powder on her face and twisting her yellow hair back into a knot, she smiled brightly and gaily at him. She began to hum. And when they went upstairs together to his apartment she had hold of his arm as if they were going off to some quiet place to have tea.

"I bought something yesterday. Maybe it'll surprise you a bit to see it," he said with a certain diffidence.

"What is it?"

"Just something I thought I ought to have around," he said.

In his living room he stood behind her to conceal his embarrassment as she glanced quickly at the chair. She turned and he gave her one wistful smile. Miss Adams seemed to puff out with good humor. "He's trying to please me by showing me he's not afraid to spend his money now on something he was too tight to give Elsie," she thought. Flustered with pleasure, she began to giggle. Then she sat down slowly in the chair, relaxed, put her heels together and rocked back and forth. "You're a dear boy, Tom," she said. "You really are a dear boy."

Running his hand through his mop of hair, he waited for her to participate in his own secret feeling. But she was rocking back and forth, her face creased with little fat smiles, with both her hands on the arms of the chair as if she were solidly established in the room and in his life forever. He felt angry. "The stupid woman," he thought. He knew she thought he was trying in some clumsy way to please her. As she rocked back and forth, beaming good nature, she looked so comfortable he felt outraged.

"Please don't sit in that chair," he said in a mild voice.

"What's the matter with me sitting here, Tom?"

He felt that he was going to appear absurd, so he said, coaxing her, "I just want you to come over here by the window, that's all."

"This chair's so comfortable. You come here," she said coyly.

"Why do you want to stay there?" he said impatiently. "You can't have your breakfast there, can you?"

Reluctant, she got up, and as she came towards him, humming, she started to sway her hips. But he went right past her to the chair and sat down himself with a stubborn expression on his face while he blinked his eyes and watched her putting her hands on her hips and her head on one side in exasperation. He watched her embarrassment increase. Her face got red. With sober angry faces they kept on staring at each other. "My, you're rude," she said at last. "Such a stupid way to act."

He took off his glasses and wiped them with his handkerchief because his eyes felt moist. "I suppose I didn't want anybody to sit in this chair," he said, trying to make a decent apology. "It's something I thought Elsie would like, that's all."

"I see, I see," Miss Adams said sharply as she tried to prevent herself from going into a jealous rage. "Of course I see. But I can't help thinking you're a fool," she said. "You can't blame me for that. Though I suppose it's more likely you went out and bought the chair for yourself." Nodding her head up and down in little jerks, she said

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contemptuously, "Imagine you going out and buying that chair after refusing it to your poor wife."

"You don't get the idea at all," he said.

"Maybe I don't," she said. "But I'll be hanged if I stay and have breakfast with anybody as rude as you." She gave him one bitter glance and walked out of the room.

He put his glasses on and adjusted them on his nose. Then he closed his eyes and with his hands on the arms of the chair he rocked back and forth, back and forth. "What did I expect anyway?" he thought. He pondered the matter: in the beginning he had been thinking of the church choirs that would sing, "Christ the Lord has risen today." He stopped rocking and leaned forward with his eyes open and his hands gripped between his knees. "But what did I expect the chair to do, did I actually think it would help bring Elsie closer to me?" Then he started to rock again, and frowning he wondered why he had bought the chair at all. Outside the last of the church bells were ringing. Closing his eyes he went rocking, rocking, back and forth.

Night on a Lagoon

By Virginia Stait

The air is black, with every shade of black,
From ebony to purple night;
The reticence of evening breaks and sound
Is now the mid-watch light.
A murmur of soft wings, a single note —
They are more faint — and clear
Than these same sounds stitched in the colored day
Year after year.

Dead leaves stir strangely to the different treads
Of fox and turtle, frog and crane;
And in the ooze the creeping things just move,
Some other ooze to gain.
Voices, aloof, complain in sleepy tones,
A lynx pads to the muddy shore,
And one dove's note is long, as the night locks
Door after door.

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One Roof Holds On

By George Gerhard

In the storm of chauvinism and nationalist panaceas that is rocking the world, Switzerland, "the roof of Europe," holds to old, tried principles and profits by them

We had just started on the trip across. With the Atlantic Highlands dropping back fast, the three of us, leaning against the rail, were pretty much lost in our own thoughts. The silence was broken by the American: "You know," he said, "I have been making the crossing every year now for the last ten years. And every time I leave these shores behind, I feel the tremendous achievement of this country. With both eyes on her domestic problems and quite apart from the rest of the world, she has nevertheless gained undoubted supremacy among all other nations. In this great national effort, which has led to international recognition, I believe there lies something wonderful and worthy of admiration."

"True enough," nodded our friend from Switzerland. "But what would you say of a country, small and even negligible in size and population, which also stands in the international limelight? I mean Switzerland, of course; and I do not hesitate to say that she stands in the centre of world developments. But here is the strange part of it. Though people talk of Switzerland and mean the League of Nations and the Bank for International Settlements, the world would learn much more if it studied the country itself. There is a remarkable lesson in the character of its people and the self-restraint of its statesmen."

And so there is.

Whenever and wherever financial and political problems of international significance are discussed, there will be mention of Geneva, of Basle, of Locarno, of Lugano and Lausanne. There is rich — and far-reaching — history in those names. Angrily pounding fists of German delegates, demanding the evacuation of the Rhineland, contributed to it. Soft French oratory by Monsieur Briand wrote part of it. The cool voice of Dino Grandi, the complacence of Ramsay MacDonald, the hospitality of Mr. Shearer, the polite insistence of Henry L. Stimson, the Chinese and the Japanese, the Soviets and the Turks, the Indians and the Scandinavians — they all have a part in the huge drama which is staged in the little country of Switzerland. No stage play has ever

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covered more ground and stirred more profoundly human emotions than this vast assembly of delegates and statesmen, of diplomats and bankers and business men. Undoubtedly, it is the master-work of contemporary dramatists and surely would be given the Nobel prize if any single person were pulling the ropes.

But imagine what would happen if there were no such asylum for employed diplomats and unemployed capital? There would be no lovely lakes for the exhausted delegates, no mountains for sleigh-riding and no glaciers for skiing. It seems entirely too much to assume that the centralization of international efforts in finance and politics, on one side, and the beauty and loveliness in summer and winter of the country where this centralization takes place, on the other side, are just a coincidence. If one turns back the pages of history, it will be found that for centuries people have gone to Switzerland for their health. But it was a privilege rather than a popular custom. Only rich people could afford it, and as they were rich, they were also influential.

Thus it happened that for a long time important financial and political questions were settled in the lounging chairs on a fashionable Swiss hotel terrace, or over a glass of Tokay and a cup of mocha in a modest inn on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The performance of the Briands and the Stresemanns is but a repetition of precedents established by the Hapsburgs and Carl the Courageous, followed up by the reformer John Calvin and, in more recent days, by the Rothschilds, the Hohenzollerns and the avalanche of all those who are always searching for a neutral place to air their views and doubts and anger.

This little country, not larger than New Jersey and Massachusetts combined, and with a population of three million (about that of North Carolina), must be given credit for a sanctum which it has built on the foundation of strictest neutrality. This attitude of "permanent neutrality" goes back more than four centuries, and through the vicissitudes of time, from the Thirty Years' War down to the world conflict, it has religiously adhered to its principle. This must have been a formidable task, considering its neighbors, more powerful and bellicose than any others on the Continent, Germany in the north, France in the west, Italy in the south and the Balkans in the east.

But the Swiss people have gone through a rigorous training period. From time immemorial they have learned to cater to the wishes of foreign guests. For many centuries people went to Switzerland, not to impress upon her statesmen their particular political ambitions but to care for their health. Swiss tolerance and hospitality were well rewarded. Today some 10,000 tourists are visiting the Alps every month, and not less than 100,000 people are employed by railroads, hotels and health resorts in this "industry of foreigners." This number of 100,000 compares, in proportion, with the 3,000,000 paid farm laborers in the United States. In other words, what farm labor is to the American economy, the tourist trade is to

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Switzerland; with this little difference, however, that the latter is so much more prosperous than its American counterpart. If 10,000 tourists travel on Swiss railroads month after month, this reflects, of course, upon trade and commerce. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that in a month like July some 30,000 automobiles, mostly of foreign make, cross the frontier. They make the cash register tinkle, not only in the gasoline stations, but in the better shops and the finer hotels.

It must not be assumed that the international character of Switzerland is derived solely from her tourist trade; this does not necessarily make for international conciliation. Nor are the League of Nations or the Bank for International Settlements by necessity expressions of the neutral attitude of the nation, though it is probably true that they would not be there if Switzerland were a Rumania or a Poland transplanted to a mountainous region. The truly neutral and truly international character of Switzerland is rather based upon a common sense, upon a lack of prejudice, upon an absence of chauvinism, well-nigh unique in the world.

Excepting the northern races, Switzerland is about the only nation which does not believe in isolation, in self-dependence and "Autarchie." And this not merely for the reason that she lacks raw materials. France, Germany, the United States, while they may have raw materials, have not enough of them, and not all the kinds they need — and would like, nevertheless, to follow a policy of isolation and self-sufficiency. Not so with Switzerland, which, incidentally, has as fine an agricultural and industrial system as may be found anywhere in Europe. She has to have — or else she would not be able to compete in the world market.

Her possibilities lie not so much within her own borders. Switzerland knows it, and has acted accordingly. She has not insisted that her agriculture be pushed and developed till it can meet domestic demands. On the contrary, agricultural production, which in 1918 was estimated at about $400,000,000 declined in 1931 to $270,000,000 or by about one-third. On the other hand, industry — as the real wealth-producer — showed a remarkable improvement, as may be seen from the rise in industrial investments, which jumped fifty per cent, from about $800,000,000 to more than $1,200,000,000.

With such powerful industry Switzerland, obviously, has to depend on foreign markets for raw materials and foodstuffs on one hand, and for the sale of her industrial products, from embroideries to clocks and watches, on the other. Needless to say, her exports have been hit hard by adverse times and world market conditions, as have those of any other country, whereas her imports show only a slight decline. Exports, since the War, dropped nearly forty per cent. Imports fell only about six per cent. There is an import surplus of $180,000,000. But — and here is a remarkable thing — the Swiss franc is as stable a currency as there is.

How is this phenomenon to be explained? It is a problem that baffles our economists, because a huge import surplus (huge at least

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for such a small country) almost invariably threatens the currency. Our experts hold that if a nation imports more than it exports, it is "in the red."

It is worth while to remember, however, that this easily digestible conception of currency stability has been in vogue only since the War. For our own comfort we have argued that a currency is stable if exports exceed imports. With this "sound" economic theory we have proceeded, arm in arm with the Germans, the French and other nations, to build up as huge an export surplus as the traffic would bear, viz., the American, German, French, Italian and other export statistics. The theory has not worked out according to expectations. There is little to choose today between the plight of the nations with an import and of those with an export surplus. But the failure does not discourage us. We are working for this export surplus as enthusiastically as ever.

We forget, apparently, that before the War we had a different doctrine which proved much sounder. When the currency was threatened, through excessive financial burdens, the bankers did not blame the imports, but merely cut down credits, freed productive enterprises from excessive obligations (as well as undue credit attractions), and the stability of the currency was restored in short time. Switzerland, thoroughly sound and conservative on the slippery parquetry of high-finance, still follows the old rules, and with remarkable success.

Her budget shows a deficit, to be sure. But it is a deficit which compares with those of her sister nations as a four-story brown-stone dwelling would compare with Mont Blanc. It is only $2,000,000. This is less than three per cent of the budget. If we compare this shortage with the one that threatens the United States Treasury in 1933, which will be between forty and fifty per cent of the budget, we can realize better the advantages of conservatism over New Era finance.

This seems to imply that the taxes on income and on wealth must be a fearful burden on the individual. One visualizes something like taxation in Germany or Great Britain, where between thirty and thirty-five per cent of income and wealth goes into the Government coffers. Far from it! Taxation in Switzerland is about as low as anywhere else on the Continent. The twenty-five provinces, or cantons, have authority to fix and collect the taxes. A man who is married but has no children is taxed on a yearly income of $1,000, not more than five per cent. If he is lucky enough to pass the $5,000 mark, he is charged ten per cent. Even the relatively high income of $10,000 carries no greater tax than twelve per cent.

Take the tax on wealth, which, by the way, varies considerably in the different cantons. The average returns in five different cantons show a tax on property of $4,000 (including the yield figured at four per cent, or $160) amounting to one-half of one per cent. At $100,000, it is only one per cent. Even at $1,000,000, the charge is not more than 1.2 per cent. It sounds incredible, yet it is a fact. The rates may be a bit higher in some cantons and somewhat lower in others, but these are the averages.

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It is important to bear these low taxes in mind, for they had (and still have) a curious effect upon the foreigners. And here we come to the story of how the "Roof of the Continent," as Switzerland is popularly named, has become almost the bottom of the old world, financially speaking, and ignoring — for a moment — the two great financial powers, France and Great Britain. It has to do with taxation. It will be remembered that the collapse of the German credit structure in the summer of 1931, which was preceded by the financial breakdown of Austria, was caused by enormous withdrawals of foreign funds. The French, it is now fairly well established, feared the realization of an Austro-German customs union and withdrew short-term credits from both Germany and Austria. During June and the first half of July, 1931, some $600,000,000 were repaid by Germany alone.

This wholesale withdrawal increased the fear of thousands of Germans for their reserve funds; they had been living in fear for two years, because of the alarming growth of the Hitler movement, not to mention the various emergency decrees which emanated from the Wilhelm Strasse. It also increased the flight of capital, which likewise had been going on for a few years. Where to turn for safety?

Switzerland was the logical place. Searching Swiss bank records, one can see quite clearly how the gold funds which were rapidly decreasing in Germany, Austria and some of the smaller nations, were just as rapidly swelling in Switzerland. Swiss gold reserves amounted, at the end of 1929, to about $119,000,000. In January, 1931, they had increased to $131,000,000. At the end of 1931, that is, after the European credit crisis, they had jumped to $470,000,000, or an increase of nearly 260 per cent. They are still rising: last August, they had climbed to $530,000,000, apparently because of the continued unsteady and uncertain economic and political situation in European countries, not to mention the United States, which, it is reported, sends a bit of gold to Switzerland. The reasons are probably the same by which German business men are actuated. The present gold supply of the Swiss National Bank alone would allow one billion dollars of added note circulation, without exceeding the legal limit.

There is no mystery as to what caused the European flight of capital: insecurity coupled with the tremendous burden of taxes imposed upon capital in all the Central European countries. But that this capital went to Switzerland is significant. First, there is the security of investment in a well controlled market. And second, and of no mean import, there is the low rate of taxation. It is upon this background that Switzerland grew, without any apparent intention of her own, to be a first-rate financial power. It is the story of a nation which has, through sound economic principles and unswerving neutrality, in politics as well as in finance, built up a confidence which now has brought its rewards.

THE principles that have guided this little country with its few millions of inhabitants, may well be studied by the rest of the world, and principally by the great powers. In

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spite of many attractions inviting large-scale production, Switzerland has remained essentially what she always was: a country catering to the needs of the world as they are, not as she might choose to see them; making a living as best she can; refraining from wild speculations; adhering to old and sacred principles of conservatism. Savings are still going up in Switzerland. While there is a heavy tax on alcohol and brandies, people have the right to distill their own liquor (which they do) and, most important, neither light wines nor beer are taxed.

Swiss cheese, with all its world-wide popularity, is still produced in some 3,000 dairies, most of them rather small. Graft and corruption are unknown quantities in Switzerland. Her credit status is of the highest. She has not tinkered with tariffs, but believes in live-and-let-live. And with all her modesty, she has come to national glory and international repute.

To be sure, Switzerland has her troubles. She has to grapple with declining exports and steadily increasing unemployment, which numbers 50,000 at the present time. The world crisis has not left her untouched. But in a world which is overflowing with the panaceas of isolation and chauvinism, the "mother of the Alps" has gloriously stuck to a tradition inherited from centuries of self-restraint and political prudence.

It may seem a bit old-fashioned, a bit behind the times. Yet, events have borne out her wisdom. The political centre of the world lies in Switzerland. From Manchuria to Moscow, from Paris to Potsdam, from the White House to the Gran Chaco, the eyes of the world are turned to Geneva, in hope for peace, for conciliation, for international coöperation.

The gold that lies in the vaults of Swiss banks, can not be ignored in the efforts for a more sensible redistribution of the precious metal. It did not take the Bank for International Settlements to add Switzerland to the capital markets of the Continent.

A man who, by steady and conscientious work and the effort of decades, has accumulated a fortune, will be given credit in testimonies tendered to him by the business world. This little nation, by a remarkable display of political character through centuries, has laid a foundation upon which many of our hopes rest. Yet we know Switzerland mainly from Alpine railroads and the lure of St. Moritz. There is a lesson in all this, and our discovery of it may mean much for our own future.

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Freedom for Parents

By Louise Maunsell Field

An overlooked aspect of the revolt of youth, distinctly cheering to its elders

Perhaps the only fact left undiscussed in all the "Revolt of Youth" literature is the highly significant one that revolting youth has emancipated its parents.

Yet only a very little thought is needed to make this fact almost startlingly clear. The confusion is due principally to the noise youth has made and the silence more astute middle-age has sedulously maintained, while quietly reaping the lion's share of the benefits. Youth has had to pay a fairly stiff price for a "freedom" which in the last analysis means little more than a change of disciplinarians; to parents, on the other hand, has come genuine emancipation and nearly pure gain, only very slightly adulterated.

Consider if you will the truly woeful plight of that pitiable wretch, the Victorian parent. In those barbaric days when the light of Freud had not yet shone upon a benighted world, fathers and mothers were popularly supposed to be, not merely guides and guardians for their children, in itself a stiff enough job, but models as well. That father, poor unhappy man, should provide an example for his boys to revere, and perhaps even to follow, was taken as a matter of course. Mother, no less unfortunate, was expected to furnish a pattern of perfection for her girls. The strain must have been simply terrific. Think of being obliged to appear as an unimpeachable embodiment of propriety and nobility day in and day out, week in and week out! No wonder the Victorian father was sometimes given to severity and frequently to hypocrisy. No wonder the supreme object of the Victorian mother's existence was to get her daughters married off as rapidly as possible.

The poor things were not to blame. They were the miserable victims of an iron-clad system from which escape seemed impossible. We have it on excellent authority that the head which wears a crown is seldom permitted to rest in peace, and Victorian parents had crowns forced upon them by the mere physical fact of parenthood. They could do no wrong, however much they might wish to. Perception of their anguish must surely draw a sympathetic tear from all save the exceptionally hard-hearted.

The appalling results of this state

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of affairs can easily be noted in the popular songs of the period, so many of which were concerned with wistful contemplation of the tomb. There was no other hope for the Victorian or Civil War parent, since in those unhappy days old age arrived so swiftly that by the time the children were married and out of the way, and father and mother at liberty to enjoy life a little, freed at last from the hideous necessity of being, or at any rate appearing, perpetually admirable, society relegated them to that chimney-corner which, thank heaven, exists no longer.

STUNG at last into action by the extreme thorniness of compulsory virtue, or rather compulsory semblance of virtue, there presently arose iconoclastic parents who staged one of the most daring, most amazing revolutions the world has ever seen. Defying alike the traditions of ages and the conventions of the social order, these heroic souls boldly proclaimed themselves, not the lords and rulers of their children, but their friends and companions.

This sounded well; in fact, extremely well. Moreover, it eliminated the chimney-corner. For a while, fathers golfed and fished enthusiastically with their sons, mothers shopped or played tennis with their daughters, and both vehemently insisted that their children's friends were their friends, and that they themselves were the pals and companions of their much embarrassed offspring, and it was all very funny and more than a little pathetic.

Which suffered the more acutely, parents or children, from this new parental attitude, it would be difficult to say. Both were bored almost to tears. But while the parents had at least annihilated the convention that they were *hors de combat* at forty or so, the unfortunate young people of what may for convenience's sake be called the Pally Period had no such compensation. Outraged and bewildered, they could only endure, their pangs rendered doubly severe by their elders' incessant talk of the "improvement" which to them was no improvement at all. Quite the contrary.

Victorian parents had no doubt promulgated innumerable rules and regulations, but at least they weren't perpetually hanging round, and rules as every one knows, exist principally to be broken. Since most human beings possess a certain fundamental kindliness, and various Victorian habits and traditions of courtesy still lingered on, few children were rude enough or callous enough to inform their parents that they (the parents, not the children) were a confounded nuisance. It may be that some of them were debarred from such frankness by the sordid fact that these same parents controlled the purse-strings. On the other hand, few parents cared to let their children know how fatiguing they found their enthusiasms, and how foolish their chatter, while pride forbade any admission of physical weariness in the attempt to keep up with tireless youth. Fathers occasionally enjoyed the prettiness of their daughters' girl friends and were temporarily amused by their absurdities, the male being notoriously tolerant of silliness in the female, but mothers had to take refuge in neurasthenia, the Pally Period being also that of

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the nervous breakdown. The natural solemnity of youth, which finds almost everything worth making a fuss over, and not only wants but actually expects to reform the universe, and the natural frivolity of middle-age, which has learned that almost nothing is worth making any fuss over, and has as little desire to reform as to be reformed, proved about as compatible as milk and vinegar.

It was during this period when all truly conscientious parents felt that whether they liked it or not they simply must be "young with their children," that the theory of inevitable, inborn antagonism between fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, found so many disciples. First advanced at a time when the long-established parental sovereignty was still accepted as a law of nature, it aroused little attention and attracted few adherents. Later, when parental companionship was receiving lip-service as the almost ideal state, that same once neglected theory developed as rapidly as the motion picture industry.

The days of parental discipline, of bread and water and threats of cutting off recalcitrant sons with the indispensable shilling were still too recent to seem desirable, and for a while no means of putting an end to the Pally Period presented itself. Parents, still afflicted by the tender conscience and stern sense of duty inherited from Victorian forebears, went on struggling to meet youth upon its own ground, and youth continued to resent even when it did not resist the trespass.

All this has changed. Youth has proclaimed its freedom with bass drums and saxophones. Parents heartily enjoy theirs, though they make considerably less ballyhoo over it.

THE propelling factors of change were three: the move from private to apartment house life, which squeezed the young people out of a steadily contracting home; the motion picture theatres, which provided them with a refuge within their means; and the World War, which permitted youth and middle-age to get rid of each other on the respectable plea of patriotic obligations.

When the four-storied house gave way, first to the seven- or eight-, then to the three- or four-room apartment, there simply wasn't any "back parlor" for father and mother to sit in as there had been in Victorian times; only one bridge table could be inserted into the living room, and the tenants below objected strenuously to dancing. Parties were difficult, and as the cost of living rose higher and higher, father began to protest that without sleep he couldn't compel a meeting between ends which were continually growing farther and farther apart. Why couldn't the young people go to the picture house just around the corner, and let him read his evening paper in peace? All of which helped to oil the hinges of that gate to freedom flung wide by the World War.

While father was busy selling Liberty bonds and mother energetically running a canteen, it was perfectly obvious that they couldn't be chumming with Bobby or chaperoning Susy. At a single stroke, shackles

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which had held for generations were hacked away, freeing, not children, but parents.

For chaperonage was slavery. Not to the chaperoned, who could derive endless pleasure and excitement from successful evasion, but to the chaperon.

Think of the days when rows of so-called dowagers, many of them perhaps not yet past the early forties, were obliged to sit for hours on more or less uncomfortable chairs, smiling heroically through agonies of weariness and boredom! Incredible as it may now seem, there actually was a period when fathers went to dances with their daughters, waiting patiently for hours, until at last it was time to escort the dear girls home. Some elderly people can remember the old-fashioned picnics and beach parties, when chaperons of both sexes uncomplainingly provided nourishment for hordes of famished mosquitoes, while their charges swiftly vanished to indulge in the pastime then known as "twosing," and now more accurately termed "petting." The number of parents martyred by the supposed obligations of a chaperonage which seldom if ever restrained their offspring from doing precisely as they pleased is as incalculable as the sands of the sea. The enforced companionship of the Pally Period did little to mitigate their sufferings. No wonder they rejoiced when the World War enabled them to acquire freedom under the eminently dignified guise of responding to their country's call!

And while parents welcomed freedom from the compulsions of chaperonage and chumminess, youth rejoiced over a largely illusory liberty. While parents were relieved at being no longer obliged to keep up, children exulted that they came tagging along no more. Both sides were pleased, far too pleased to relinquish their gains.

Did parents, once the War was over, make any effort to reëstablish the Pally, not to mention the Victorian convention? They did not! They were much too busy struggling with the Vanderbilt. Far from attempting to assert any pretense of companionship, much less of rule over youths and maidens, they went straight to work to free themselves yet more thoroughly. The sixteen to twenty-odd year olds having ceased to trouble them, they promptly sought parking-places for their responsibilities towards those who were younger. The new child-psychology, which had at first appalled them, was presently seen as an aid that they were quick to grasp. Obviously, no one who hadn't spent years in study could possibly be competent to wrestle successfully with all the newly discovered fixations and complexes and complications, and the average mother was suspiciously ready to admit, even to proclaim, her own incapacity. Father of course had his business to look after, and couldn't possibly be expected to cope with the Oedipus complex also. Then, too, the new theories had a good deal to say about the direful consequences sure to overtake any child too devoted to father or mother. What really affectionate parent, faced with such possibilities, could refuse to eject the fledglings from the home nest?

The summer camps which have

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sprung up as rapidly as filling stations are only one sign of an emancipation whose extent is limited solely by the parental bank account. Freedom for parents has one drawback; it costs money, often a good deal of money.

To the well-to-do, all-day schools, summer camps and play-directors have brought liberty and a comfortable assurance that Susy and Bobby are being well looked after, without any effort on their parents' part save that required to pay the bills. For these bills, father is no longer solely responsible. Mother goes to her own office, or to that of some one else, and her earnings help to free her from her offspring. When these latter grow up, there isn't so much as the ghost of a row if Susy announces her intention of sharing an apartment with Polly, especially when Susy is the recipient of a pay envelope. Why row? If Susy can pay her own bills she'll go anyway. Bobby, of course, has always gone as fast and far as he could.

Even if Susy should decide to remain with her parents, she doesn't expect to see much of them. She doesn't want to, and she couldn't if she did. Like herself, they have their own friends, parties, amusements and occupations. Mother doesn't dream of going to dances with Susy; she has too many dancing dates herself. And she has no more intention of serving as hostess or chaperon for Susy than Susy has of enduring the unpaid upper-housemaid, working-companion lot which was once the almost inevitable fate of the unmarried daughter. As for Bobby, he began to go his own way long before his prep school days, and has no thought of departing from it now. Up-to-date psychoanalysts applaud, while father and mother revel in the new freedom, remaining young twenty years or more after the age at which their grandparents were safely tucked away in the customary chimney-corner. The children are off on their own today, and so are their parents. But it is the parents who are getting the better of the bargain.

For revolting youth, having in its own opinion rebelled both bravely and successfully, is finding great difficulty in making life interesting, much less exciting. It is compelled to depend on mechanical aids, radios, motor cars, airplanes, whereas to the young people brought up under the Victorian régime, existence was just one thrill after another.

They had plenty of rules and regulations to break, plenty of conventions to defy. Their unfortunate successors have nothing save the enfeebled and tottering Eighteenth Amendment. A cup of weak tea imbibed in an austerely respectable restaurant was more exciting than gin in a Harlem speakeasy, when all restaurants were strictly prohibited by parental ordinance. Sitting out a dance on the stairs was a thrilling adventure when it meant giving the slip to a more or less watchful chaperon. All the excitement of rebellion could be enjoyed without much danger or seriously unpleasant consequences. The cup of tea might produce a scolding, but it wasn't in the least likely to contain wood alcohol.

The Victorian young were dis-

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ciplined by parents who were often quite fond of them; the young of today are in peril of being disciplined by the law of consequences, which doesn't care for them in the least. If they want to enjoy that sense of being rebellious which is youth's pet prerogative, they must rebel against the laws of a universe which isn't at all affected by their likes and dislikes. Which is one reason for the disillusionment of which we hear so very often.

While parents have shed responsibility, youth has been obliged to assume it, willy-nilly. No longer can it count upon cheerfully unloading the results of its carelessness or folly upon its parents' shoulders. It must itself stand the gaff, and frequently finds the standing both unpleasant and bewildering. Serving as scapegoat was one of the most important functions of the Victorian parent, a function inherited by the elders of the Pally Period, but utterly repudiated by the fathers and mothers of today. Parental commands can, for instance, no longer be held accountable for an unsatisfactory husband or an ill-chosen profession, now that parents no longer even dream of commanding at all. And it is always so exhilarating to have an excuse for blaming some one else for any mistakes you may make!

Not that there is any immediate probability of a return to the Victorian, much less to the Pally Period method. Parents, now free to enjoy life as never before, simply wouldn't stand for the one any more than for the other, while youth, not realizing in the least how much inexpensive excitement it is missing, is still far too vain of its much vaunted liberty willingly to relinquish any fraction thereof. But it really is time people learned to perceive that the "Revolt of Youth" succeeded, not of itself alone, but because it was a revolt of middle-age also, that if youth made the spectacular cavalry charges against entrenched convention, it was middle-age that furnished the ammunition, and obscured behind a smoke-screen of protest, prepared and fired the heavy guns. The freedom which has been most effectually and completely won is not the loudly acclaimed, vehemently condemned freedom for youth, but the quietly yet firmly seized upon freedom for parents.

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Racket Worship

By J. M. Nolte

Is our destiny to be the thug among the peoples of the earth?

Years before the War, M. Emile Faguet, a brilliant French student of democratic institutions, wrote a criticism of the popular notion in his native country that the rule of the many is necessarily wholesome. He called this study, *The Cult of Incompetence*. His observations were of such general application that the work was translated, and was widely read in England and in America as an adequate statement of the shortcomings of democratic government. One of M. Faguet's dicta might be taken as the text for an after-the-War comment on the failure of American civilization.

"A principle," wrote M. Faguet, "has disappeared, a prejudice, if you like to call it so, the prejudice in favor of competence."

To many, this may seem a flat understatement of what ails us, and there certainly have not lacked eloquent tongues to tell us wherein we have sinned, and to give high-sounding and mystifying titles to the current diseases of the body politic. It is often in the easy departures from simple verities, however, that the true causes of our ills must be sought. We all know the lazy hypochondriac who listens to the Latin names of his disorders with a martyr's ecstasy, and who forthwith tries every sort of easily administered medicament to cure himself. Any well-living child of twelve or fourteen could tell him in plain language that the cause of his bodily unease is indolence, but would he listen? Just so, I submit, have we persistently refused to look at the facts of our existence. As with the hypochondriac, it is to be doubted whether we shall be cured without a return to first principles. There is no road to health but the practice of health.

To all such strictures as the foregoing, our answer latterly has been a destructive cynicism which shrugs them aside as bromidic; and it is with a full realization of this misfortune that the statement of M. Faguet is again emphasized: we have lost our prejudice in favor of competence. Bromide or no bromide, that is the dose America must sooner or later swallow. The long descent of all those indexes which have become our clinical thermometers and cardiographs of national well-being ought to be evidence enough that some new treatment is imperative.

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America has a bad case of the rackets. This disease is the most insidious, the most elusive, the most degenerating, the most enervating that has ever become endemic in a civilization. It includes in its effects all that was most reprehensible in the latter fatuity of the Roman State, all that was most repulsive in the lethargy of the French of the *ancien régime*, all that we sneer at in the stodgy dry-rot of Victorian England. It is worse, because the fat and inert population of Rome was interlarded with sound, fibrous barbarian streaks of lean; the softness of the luxurious court of the Bourbons was offset by the avaricious hardness of an energetic and progressive bourgeoisie; and even the smug upper classes of Queen Victoria's England were matched and outwitted by laboring middle and lower classes still responsive to the call of old traditions bred of Elizabethan assertiveness and Puritan industry and common sense. America presents to a disordered but somewhat complacently malicious world the spectacle of an entire people divorced not only from its traditional and still reiterated morality, but also from those policies and precepts which its own prosaic economic experience has abundantly justified.

UNCLE SAM has the rackets. And like the old Southern mammy with her jumping fits, he might well exclaim, "When I has 'em, I *has* 'em!" There is no class or part of our society exempt from the disease. It afflicts high and low, well-born and base, rich and poor, young and old, Democrats and Republicans, Wets and Drys. That is the real Twentieth Century tragedy.

Let us describe the disease. To the ordinary citizen, a "racket" is simple enough. It is just a situation in which a person is forcibly compelled to pay an extra price for a commodity or a service to one who has no legitimate function to perform in the production or distribution of that product or service. This definition is warped a trifle in the case of the big bootleggers, who are also popularly supposed to be producers, but even here the meaning of the term racket contains a large element of forcible and uneconomic control. The racket is the game or business of eliciting this unmerited reward by means of force or fraud, and a racketeer is one who makes his living by a racket.

This concept held by the man in the street is accurate, and will serve as well as any. But the man in the street does not see, and apparently can not be brought to see, that much is included in the definition to which he has given an approval by no means grudging or qualified. He sees his neighbor as a racketeer, but seldom himself. When he sees himself, it is through the rose-colored glass of mitigation or condonement. Least of all does he understand that his attitude of compliance, whatever the excuses he may make for it, is a way of telling the world that he has lost his prejudice in favor of competence.

Who, then, are the real racketeers? Not only Al Capone, who is figuratively "taking the rap" for a much more numerous class than his gangster friends. Not only the host of parasites battening on the gross

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body of organized crime — lawyers and judges and bailiffs and policemen and enforcement officers and what not. Not merely these and the entire mass of citizens who buy the wares that the bootleggers have to sell. Nor even the business men who think more of their livelihood than of their self-respect and who therefore let themselves be browbeaten and bulldozed into unlawful tribute to gangdom. One must look farther; for it is one of the axioms of polity that the *mores* must sanction an institution before it can succeed, and the racket as we know it has become an institution and has succeeded. There was a broad public employment of the theory involved in racketeering before the days of Capone.

We all know about the birth of that sanction, if we will only reflect. It was not Prohibition that conceived it, although there is evidence that Prohibition played midwife at the delivery. You will find the life-cell of racketeering alive in America from the days of the clipper ships and the legend of the Yankee and his wooden nutmegs. You will be able to trace the multiplication of that cell through the supply scandals of every war in which we have engaged. The latest war was only one of many: 1917 was like 1898, only there was a career open to more talents; 1898 was true to the traditions of 1861; 1861 was only 1812 on a grander scale; 1812 was scarcely more flagrant than 1777. Weevily biscuit and shoddy clothing and embalmed beef and useless spruce: they are equally inglorious chapters of our history. You will find a coincidental growth of racketeering in the tales of railroad building, in the episodes of land stealing, of timber theft, of mineral theft, of water-power theft. You will find it in the story of freight rebating, of railroad rate making, of corporate finance. Particularly will you find it in the industries supplying coal and electric power and gas and water to our cities. The racketeer was with us long before the gangster carried the implications of the racket to their logical conclusion, which is open warfare with society, Ishmaelism.

THE new element is not the racket; it is our avid acceptance of it. It is an unescapable truth that the uneconomic use of a power which is monopolistic in nature must breed one of two things: it must breed repugnance and rebellion and hate, or it must breed compliance and acceptance and love. We had our age of moral indignation, witness, *The Man of the Hour*, the Sherman law, Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Charles Evans Hughes. Really, very little came of it. Characteristically, love of the racket follows enjoyment of a portion of its gains. We bought our common stocks and ceased to cast stones.

The word "love," perhaps, with its softly sentimental connotation, is less appropriate than desire or lust, but if you think these terms are too strong to describe our devotion to the racket, try to separate a political hanger-on (be it a janitor or an undersheriff or a schoolma'am) from part of his too easily earned wage. Try to convince a power magnate that it is a sin to buy a hydro-electric site for a song and then to capitalize it and recapitalize it and

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re-recapitalize it in multiples of the actual cost. Try to reduce the budget of an American city. Try to induce a manufacturer of an article of patented utility to market his product at a reasonable cost plus a reasonable profit.

A further testimony to our unholy worship of the racket is the fact that a large percentage of our current comment about it makes a literature of condonement. People don't bother to excuse what they are determined to extirpate. It is glibly explained, as though the explanation could somehow make us feel better, that there have been good causes for our departure from the ways of common honesty. Laborers became racketeers, we are told, because there appeared to be no other way in which they could obtain a living wage. Entrepreneurs became racketeers because the fiction of corporate life fastened upon them the necessity of dominance in their lines of endeavor. Corporations became racketeers because the vicissitudes of existence in a world of popular control of law compelled them to provide a hidden cushion against the blows of outrageous fortune in the form of unprincipled taxation. Freeholders became racketeers because an outworn tax system loaded upon them an unconscionable share of the burdens of government. All of these things are doubtless true. They represent, in all probability, an analysis of our history which traces accurately the progress of our disease. But in the main they accentuate our hypochondria. They are the words of doctors who say to us, "Your manner of living has been wrong, all wrong, for years and years." There they stop. Our physicians diagnose, but do not prescribe.

At best, such prescription as is offered is of a palliatory nature. Sedatives are recommended: "Try a little more protective tariff." We are told to take a physic: "Inflation of the currency, with a consequent higher price level, will start things moving again." We are advised to do a little blood letting: "A minor war would be the best thing in the world right now." Some of our doctors insist upon giving us stimulants: "The return of liquor will bring back prosperity." None of these medicines is a specific for our condition.

The fundamental reason why we get these unsatisfactory answers from those to whom we apply for advice is simply that the political and economic physicians have themselves become racketeers. They know that we are not ready for really curative treatment. Like our bankers, our lawyers, our preachers, they have become merchants merely. They give us what they know we want. Deep in the dear agony of our hypochondria, we prefer pills to sound clinical counsel. We have not yet succumbed to that terrorizing fear which makes submission to surgery the only practicable course.

IN THIS so-called year of our Lord, 1932, every department of our life, individually and as a nation, is disordered and chaotic. It is not yet apparent to the unthinking that we are going to wallow in the doldrums until we are once more integrated; but in the course of a few more months we shall all realize that such

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is the unavoidable truth. Whether we like it or not, the world has reached a point in its development where human solidarity is the great prerequisite of any national life whatsoever. The unintegrated state is doomed.

It appears that there is a more general recognition of this fact in Russia than in any country o- Western civilization, with the possif ble exceptions of Italy and England; and it further appears that in the long run the success of the Russian experiment will depend not entirely upon the effectiveness of the nation as a diligent steward of natural resources, but mainly upon the nation as a group imbued with a philosophical conception and galvanized by it into practical activity. There are many things that we as a people can do without. We have learned hundreds of them in the past years of distress; we shall no doubt learn hundreds more in the months immediately to come. Philosophy, a philosophy, is not one of them. The most minute ramifications of our so-called business life will be found dependent, not in any abstruse or recondite significance, but in the soberest of sober truth, upon a national philosophical conception of our place in the world as a nation, and our part in the scheme as individuals.

This philosophy, moreover, must necessarily begin by wiping from the slate many of our present ideas of what is tolerable in the behavior of individuals and of states. There is no alternative that we dare to contemplate. The Malthusian prophecy is near enough to fulfilment to insure that the world, at least the civilized world, the division-of-labor world, is on the threshold of socialization of many services and commodities formerly assigned to private endeavor by a recognition of prescriptive right. If we do not grasp this revolutionary trend and utilize it, we may have a temporary boom in our fortunes, but our degeneracy as a people will continue, and we shall find ourselves at the beginning of a very dark age indeed.

What might be termed our national subconscious mind is already in accord with this thought, as is shown by the tendency toward State regulation, control and participation in affairs hitherto exclusively private, accompanied by a relative increase in the percentage of national income spent for taxes. This trend, and the increase in taxes, have continued in spite of the bad times which we have had since 1919 (and not merely since 1929, as many journalists would have us believe). They will continue still, in spite of our present frenzy to get a dollar's worth of materials and labor for our tax dollar. The phenomenal growth of life insurance investments during recent years may be taken as another index of our intuitive or subconscious realization that some distributive system must be devised which gives a chance to the man of consistent thrift but limited opportunity and attainments — the "forgotten man" of Sumner's immortal essay.

A moment's reflection will make clear the fact that all this is just another way of saying that the racket must go. The racket is the modern epitome of particularism, and particularism can not thrive in the coöperative milieu brought about

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by community enterprise. All of the paternalistic and coöperative plans nourished by taxation and by life insurance involve fiduciary relationships; and such relationships by their very nature exclude the dishonest individualism which is responsible for racketeering. To continue to permit the dominance of the racket is national suicide, unless, perhaps, we frankly call the worse the better reason, jettison the old principles of character, and become a nation of racketeers, a thug among the peoples of the earth. The path of racketeering is the path of license. It has always led directly to the graveyard of forlorn hopes, where vain ambitions are buried and the bones of those supreme particularists, the gigantic saurians, lie embedded in the sedimentary deposits of prehistory.

EACH succeeding generation believes that the conditions surrounding its endeavors differ from the conditions of each other generation. Of course that is superficially true. It is also indubitably true, however, that the wisest and sanest students of mortal conditions in all ages have agreed upon one thing: that for the ordinary human being life is a precarious, tedious and toilsome occupation. Because scientific pursuits have latterly accelerated almost beyond comprehension the rate of consumption of natural resources in the world, the impression has spread through the civilized countries that this axiom of the ages is false. The multiplication of things, it is assumed, will result in the dissemination of those things throughout society, so that all will enjoy an abundance of everything. It is generally overlooked in the discussion of our material well-being that dissemination does not inevitably follow easily upon production. We have recently discovered to our intense distress that those who control production have a contrary idea. We have been edified by the pathetic picture of a countryful of food and clothing and luxuries, and a population ready to consume, but denied the privilege.

What is responsible for that denial? Most writers upon the subject seem to beg the question by saying that the monetary system has proved faulty. The monetary system has emphasized the ineptness of our distributive machinery, but to allege it as a responsible cause of anything is the veriest bosh. It is as intelligent as if we were to blame the sea for not floating a ship which we made too heavy for the water it displaced. It is another concession to hypochondria. The failure of finance, national and international, is attributable to a failure of responsibility on the part of the human beings who manipulated the engines of finance. The wreck of our distributive machinery is directly attributable to the selfish carelessness of the engineers who manned it. It is attributable to the racket and to the racketeers. That includes all of us. It includes the worker who succumbed to the temptation to exact high pay for inferior work just as surely as it includes the banker who substituted avarice for judgment in the investments he urged upon his clientele. We all knew better a generation ago. But the racket seemed to work, and we all became racke-

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teers. We became thing-minded. The deepest pathos of our present state is that we have tried our best to rear a new generation which has no conception of the world except in terms of things. To the rising youth of today, the racket is a national institution. If you do not think so, watch your children as they play "cops and robbers" in the yard, as they listen to the radio, as they choose their movies, as they read the daily comics in the newspapers.

It is a harsh thing to say that America has been a seminar of dishonesty throughout its later history. Is it not the fact? The old prejudices in favor of plain forthright love of truth are pretty well gone — let us hope not beyond possibility of recovery. "How one lives is so far distant from how one ought to live, that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done, sooner effects his ruin than his preservation; for a man who wishes to act entirely up to his professions of virtue soon meets what destroys him among so much that is evil. Hence it is necessary for a prince wishing to hold his own to know how to do wrong, and to make use of it or not according to necessity." So wrote Machiavelli in 1513. Where would he find himself and his philosophy more at home than in present day particularist America?

The apologists for our waywardness insist that the old ideas of honesty were the by-products of the benighted superstition that paraded as religion before we grew up and became wise. It was easy to draw a line between right and wrong when the fathers told us what was right and what was wrong, and no one had gumption or sense enough to question the authority of the fathers. It was easy to be honest when honesty was really the best policy. It was easy to live the upright life when the delusion of free will and the myth of election by faith were realities to a simple-minded and gullible people. But when psychological study has cast overwhelming doubts upon the percentage of individually controlled thoughts and actions permitted to any one, when man has descended from his godlike state and become the creature of the centuries, what then? If the roots of morality are nourished by the spring of tender, personal devotion on the part of an anthropomorphic God, ever flowing through the rich soil of assuredly benevolent predestination — and then some one suddenly proves that an anthropomorphic God is as much a myth as Santa Claus and predestination an unpredictable and ugly mortmain, what is left to the formerly devout save bold and cynical apostasy? The modern point of view admits two possibilities: self-hypnosis by a denial of intelligence, and clear-eyed agnosticism through consecration to fact.

"Given the premise," the new-thoughters might say, "that age-long determinism guides invisibly our destinies, stretching its long, powerful, gripping dead fingers down the years, fashioning the cell-reservoirs of the race unpredictably into a plasm of beneficence or of offense, alliance with traditional ideas of honesty is at best a marriage of convenience. Integrity becomes an impossible idea, both for conduct and

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for soul. We have no right, indeed, to claim a soul; we possess at the most an enigmatic congeries of diverse emotions and impulses. Why quarrel with circumstance? What price honesty?"

It is asserted that this new view of the destiny of our race — which incidentally enfranchises fraud and the rule of force — involves a real devotion to truth, whereas the worship of the forms of outworn religious idealism would today be treason to truth. There is something to be said for this hypothesis. It includes all that is noblest in the battle cry of those positivists of the last century, who cried aloud in real anguish, "Under the bludgeonings of Chance, my head is bloody but unbowed!" Better the rigors of disillusion than the opiate of superstition. Better Ingersoll than Pollyanna!

But would it not seem upon reflection that this modern view is perhaps too belligerent, too assertive, too lacking in a sense of humor? For if it is to be demonstrably true that the dead hand of heredity guides and governs us, surely the affair is not worth all the fuss that the unbending agnostics make over it! And by no twisting of logic can it be made to appear reasonable that heredity can be fortuitous and deluding only in those impulses which we inwardly recognize as spiritual. Granted that free-will may be an illusion; must it therefore be a futile illusion? Granted that our impulses come from behind the beyond, why should we distrust those impulses which urge us to ratify the conclusions of the elder race, even when those conclusions are vitiated by long association with superstition? God is still the unknown, and the blank wall of his mystery, although far removed, still confronts the aspiring seeker after the ultimate truth. Exchange the specific interference of a personal deity for the vague and apparently random interference of an hereditary strain; after all, we have only altered the name of a concept which still remains unexplained. If heredity nudges us and whispers, "This do; this believe!" why must we refuse to heed? May not the quiet tone, the frequent still small voice be quite as authentic as the stentorian imperative that actuates us when we go berserk and smash the ten commandments?

From whatever angle the approach to our modern imbroglio, all paths lead to the premise that those who exhibit power in the world have become dishonest. Carlyle dared to thunder, "I find one strong thing here below, the just thing, the true thing." Disregarding the fact that his statement was a credo rather than an observation, it is doubtful if Carlyle could justify his optimism by a glance at the world today. We have lost our prejudice in favor of competence; we have bestowed the accolade upon the audacious and the clever; we have re-crucified Jesus and set up Til Eulenspiegel.

The modern psychological iconoclasm has still left us, however, an idealistic conception worth preserving, the most plausible of them as well as the grandest: that which envisages the solidarity of the human species. Whatever mistakes we may have made in our long history

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as a race, it is at least true that we are triumphant mammals because we have been coöperative. With God discounted, that irreducible minimum remains as a bulwark for faith in honesty. Solidarity is just as necessary today for humanity, for America, as it was for the little mammals in the Cretaceous who learned to break the eggs of the tyrannosaur and to feed their families upon the contents. Human solidarity is not possible without honesty.

Chesterton once wrote, "Every man seeks for the truth, but God alone knows who has found it." That is perhaps as much as one can say about eternal verity today. But honesty does not imply that the truth must be known. Honesty implies no more and no less than utter loyalty to our vision of the truth. We have not lost our vision, although it is for the present obscured by a vicious astigmatism. It is our loyalty that we have lost, as a people and as a civilization. Without it, all is chaos. Until it is regained, there is small hope for us, in the mass, as individuals.

Our return to the ways of honesty is retarded by our devotion to the racket. We are almost all beneficiaries, in an ephemeral sense, no doubt, of racketeering in some form or other. An overwhelming majority of us lack the courage to make our revolt against dishonesty serious enough to interfere with our jobs or our incomes. "Better to bear the evils that we have than fly to others that we know not of." In spite of illusive fluctuations in trade and on exchange, however, and even in America, the land of the golden spoon, conditions will be sufficiently bad in the next few months to make the revolt possible for most of us. We shall suddenly see clearly once more, and we shall believe that he, and he alone, who does his work well shall be fairly paid for that work. We shall resume our prejudice in favor of competence, and conduct our lives by it. There will be a few stalwart souls to start the custom, and we shall probably incontinently stone them; but the seed of their example will remain deeply planted, warmed by the sunlight of racial conviction that illumines all of us, watered by the tears of our adversity. Some day it will wax and burgeon, and much that we today tolerate in the way of economic and social privilege will wither in its shade. We shall worship at another tree Yggdrasil, the Yggdrasil of integrity.

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This Proletarian Stuff

By Martin Pittman

A coal-miner gives his opinion of the Literary Left

I am a coal-miner from Illinois. Mining being what it is these days, I have plenty of time to read and I go to the library in our town and look over these high-brow weekly papers, every now and then. I have been reading in some of them about what they call "proletarian literature." Sometimes they call it "prolet-cult." It seems that a lot of the spectacled lads in New York are tearing their shirts about this new writing. One bunch says that the old ways of writing where a man wrote about anything that came into his head and let the chips fall where they may were the best. The other crowd claims that the old ways are washed up and that from now on you will read more and more about coal-diggers and other working stiffs.

Although most of the boys around here, especially the younger bunch, would think "proletarian" was some new drink, we old heads know what it means all right. Most of us used to belong to the Socialist party and in the old days we would sit around Jake's place and jaw about proletarians and bourgeoisie and the class struggle and all that. After Wilson, the big stiff, had nearly killed Gene Debs by sticking him in Atlanta, the old man used to come down here and line out the class struggle. Of course, we didn't get all of it but we figured that the old man was pretty near Jesus and anything he said went with us.

It was along about that time, right after the War, that a whole mess of books and pamphlets and what not started up telling all about the labor problem. I used to get a heap of them from a college lad who was through here from some league or other and who had me doped out as a "key man," whatever he meant by that.

I never read such free, wide and handsome language as some of those college professors and economists and the like flung around. There were pieces about "cross-sections" in the labor movement. I finally figured out that this referred to the Left Wingers in the American Federation of Labor who wanted to can old Sam Gompers. And there were pieces about "the victories of the craft unions" and "the function of the intelligentsia in the labor movement" and a whole lot more. I had them written down, the titles I mean, on a piece of paper that my old lady threw out when we was

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moved last spring. So I haven't got them all, but I do remember one piece in particular. It was called, *A Critical Analysis of the Pit Committees of the United Mine Workers of America.* It was written by a college boy who was looking for some kind of a degree.

I took this over and read it out loud to Angelo who was our one-man pit committee at that time. Angelo was a good fighter (he beat the lights out of a couple of straw-bosses), but he was kind of dumb. When I read this thing to him, he just sat there and rolled his eyes around and kept saying, "Whad da hell?" He couldn't get it through his thick head why a man who could get to college should spend his time writing about pit committees.

WELL, all that labor problem stuff was shot to pieces in the fall of 1929, when it turned out that the main problem about labor was where to get any. And now, as I figure it, this proletarian literature row is taking its place.

Of course, you can trace most of it back to Russia. I knew a Communist once who used to tell the boys that over there they had got up a prolet-cult and that this would be the next thing all over. He wasn't very plain about just what it was, but generally it seemed to be making motion-pictures of steam-engines and tractors and electric plants instead of pretty gals and writing books about the tough time the peasants used to have and how they had got over them. Most of the boys here didn't think much of the idea. They said they saw enough steam-engines and electric plants every day and when they went to the pictures they liked to see plenty of necking and some females in something else than day dresses. This Communist was pretty discouraged about us anyhow. He said we were no better than bourgeoisie. Big Mike, who worked next to me at the time, wanted to sock him for this until I explained that bourgeoisie meant nothing worse than salesmen and dentists and the like. Mike quieted down when this was explained because he was sending his kid to a dental school in St. Louis and he couldn't figure that bourgeoisie was a dirty crack if it just meant dentists.

Anyhow the Communists seem to be pretty smart at getting their ideas around among the high-brows even if they have no luck with us, and it looks like this prolet-cult has caught on. After the mine went down last spring, the wife and I took the kids up to Chicago to leave them in my sister's boarding-house there, and I sneaked off and saw one of these Russian pictures. It wasn't half bad. A lot of sailors got sore at their officers and rose up and lammed them with anything lying around loose and stuck bayonets in them and drowned them upside down and all. The officers had it coming to them because they had served rotten meat to the sailors and kicked them around a lot. I was thinking what a tough time Russian sailors must have, when a little fellow who was wearing glasses and was sitting in front of me, jumped up from his seat and turned round and grabbed my hand and started to pump it. "Comrade," he hollered so that every one in the place turned

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to look, and I felt awful foolish, "I see you are a worker. What those workers have done, we can do."

I pulled him out in the lobby and tried to explain to him that I was a coal-miner not a sailor, and where I came from we had plenty to gripe us besides the troubles of Russian sailors. But he went right on chewing the fat about a revolution, so that I was scared some dick would come along and run us in and I beat it.

When I got back home I wrote to that college boy I mentioned before and asked him did he have any of this new proletarian literature. He sent me along three, four books. Two by Upton Sinclair, but of course, I had followed after Upton Sinclair for a long time back. One was by a fellow with a Spanish sounding name, though I guess he is an American because he knows all about a lot of places here. Say, this was a hot one. You wouldn't believe it until you saw them in print, the words he put in that book. All the things we used to holler at each other in the army and what you call strawbosses when they ain't around and a lot more besides. There were plenty of people in this book, men and women both, and they were all the time climbing in and out of bed with each other and getting snozzled so often it was a wonder they ever got to work at all.

I kept the book out of sight when the kids were around; but one night when I was alone in the house Mike came in and asked me what I was reading. I told him and read one of the smokiest parts out loud. Mike is no lily but he kept looking over his shoulder to see if anybody was coming in the door. I felt kind of funny myself, sitting there reading out of a regular book things you just see written up in back-houses.

After awhile Mike says:

"Is this what that Communist fellow was talking about? Proletsomething."

I told him that was what my college buddy said it was and Mike scratched his head. Finally he said:

"Hell, if that's what it is, I don't see no trick to that. I should think almost anybody could load a turn like that."

When he went home, I saw he had something on his mind and sure enough, a day or two later, he came up to me in the wash-house and gave me a piece he had written himself. It went like this, only I am not putting in the regular words;

"'So-and-so your lousy job,' said Michael, the brave, strong coal miner whose muscles stood out all over him like iron bands. He was speaking to the skunk who was his foreman, the low so-and-so. 'So-and-so yourself,' said the foreman, the greasy so-and-so, 'and take a walk for yourself down the tracks.' So Michael was fired, but what did he care? He went out and got two gallons of mule and a gal with lovely, deep blue eyes and she was nuts about him and they went to New York where her old man, who was very rich, had a big place with a couple butlers and they lay around stewed to the gills late every morning until about nine o'clock and when Michael heard the whistle blow, he used to sit up in bed and shout: 'So-and-so your lousy whistle,' and his gal would laugh and kiss him like anything."

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There was quite a lot more, all about how this digger beat up a bunch of New York City slickers and how stewed he got all over the place. Some of it sure did sound like what was in that prolet book but there were other parts that didn't seem to click, especially the parts about New York. Mike never was in New York. All he knows about it is what he sees in the pictures and what a powder salesman named Greenbaum told him. You see, in his piece everybody in New York was just filthy rich, throwing parties all the time.

Finally I had to tell Mike I didn't think his piece would go over.

"You see," I said, "if you had been to a college and had some sort of a rep as a writer this might do. But as it is, you being just a shovel-stiff, you don't get the real hang of this proletarian writing. What they aim at is to interpret the American working class." (I remembered that one from a book I read.)

"You would think we was all hunkies," said Mike.

And then I told him what interpretation means and showed him how his New York stuff couldn't be right.

"Everybody there can't be so stinking rich," I said. "Look at those big tailors' unions. They ain't all sitting pretty."

"Aw," he said, "what if some of them are poor? Nobody wants to read about poor people. What I like is these country club pictures and the stories about dude polo players and I guess most of the rest of the boys like them too."

It was no use arguing. He sent off the piece anyway to a New York editor. He hasn't heard from it since. I guess that editor figured he was getting a poison pen letter after he read the first few lines.

So it looks like what proletarian writing is going to be done will be written by white collars and not by any of us. And that being the case, I wish I could get a bunch of these literary boys and artists and the like out here in the coal-camp and set them up to some home-brew and line it out to them something like this:

"Now you boys have been finding out for the past three years what it feels like to get kicked in the pants. When you begin to straighten out and get your breath, you see us standing nearby maybe grinning a little bit, because most of us, coal-diggers, loom-fixers, tailors, railroad men, have known that warm feeling in the rear since we were old enough to work. All the time you were writing pretty pieces about young love all dressed up and tony adultery and the spasms of sobbing souls, we were mucking around out here, sweating and grunting to get our three squares a day, with the foremen blowing down the backs of our necks and our own men in the unions and such political parties as we could whistle up selling us out one way or the other. Now you've sort of stumbled across us. You are getting lathered up about discovering us and you are running to get down your copies of Marx and the other old heads and you look across the way to Russia and wonder how they turned the apple-cart over and why the same can't be done here.

"Now if you are with us for a spell and not just taking this thing up as a hobby, that is jake with us. We are dumb all right, but we aren't

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dumb enough to think that we don't need every ounce of brains there is in this country. If you go back a ways and read into the history of labor in these United States (and for the love of God, do that thing before you start working on us) you will find that from the days of John Swinton and even before him, there were always some of your class hitched up one way or another with us. There was Joseph Weydemeyer with his Proletarierbund talking Marx in much the same high-brow fashion you are, in 1853. There was the bunch of professors on the fringes of the Knights of Labor, Richard T. Ely and John Bascom and others. There was Henry George and ex-Professor Daniel De Leon and scads of others not so well known and then one day Sam Gompers rolled onto the stage and put the boot to the lot of them. Highbrows worried Sam. He was afraid they would put ideas into the heads of his boys and Sam was business unionism, pure and simple. When your crowd was chased out and the workers waved 'No Help Wanted' signs every time a man who smelled of college came down the road, your crowd turned to political action and let the trades unions pretty well alone. Well, the unions staggered on all right, through the War and a little while afterwards. But having been kept clear of ideas of what it was all about, when they headed into this thing that has us all down now, they couldn't put up a fight that would do credit to a sick kitten. They had hollered hours and wages and promised to be good so long that you couldn't tell the difference between a convention of the United Mine Workers and the United Rotarians. They both spoke the same language, waved the same flag, lapped up the same apple-sauce. Labor leaders shouldered each other around the pie-counters and the rank and file watched them get away with murder, only regretting they couldn't get in on the festivities. And when the end of all those happy days finally came and we wanted men to stand up and scrap for us we found that we had on hand as President of the A. F. of L. the leader of the biggest Bible class in Coshocton, Ohio, with a slick insurance salesman and lawyer for his right-hand man.

"So now boys the field is wide and open for any one with guts, brains and patience to step in and help build something from the ground up. If you can do this by telling the truth not only about the Fat Boys way up on top of us all, but also about some of the lesser skunks we have hoisted up as leaders, come along in. Only don't forget about that patience. Three years ago we was all riding around in automobiles on Sunday afternoons with our mouths open, wondering how soon our darling children would get to be bank presidents. You fellows want to write about the proletariat. Okay. But first you got to get a proletariat to write about. It takes more than three years to make one of those things, though I must say the said Fat Boys are fast workers. You can't pick up men like Mike and heave them by the scruff of their red necks bing into Marx. The smartest man in the labor outfit today, Oscar Ameringer, says teaching American labor anything is like feeding melted butter on the end of a hot awl to a wild-cat. Oscar said it. Please pass the brew."

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Point of Honor

By Paul Horgan

A Story

"Where do we go? Do we go in here? Is it upstairs? I thought it would be one of those places with a large window," said Miss Cadman, pulling her long fur around her lifted shoulders. She looked with eyes like lenses at Mr. Dunn. He smiled at her bright impersonal regard, and touched her elbow. They went through the narrow door and started up the carpeted stairs. Beside them traveled a white banister. The hallway was plastered in white, with modeled roses and cornices, browned at the edges by time and soot. They finally reached a door that had a chromium plate lettered in black: "Regan Galleries."

"I'm *always* buying pictures," said Miss Cadman, pausing and squeezing her purse against her bosom so that her long diamond brooch turned upward and winked with light.

"There's just the thing in here for your book room," said Mr. Dunn, hoping that Tom was in, as he had promised to be. He opened the door, elbowing Miss Cadman into the room. There was more white plaster, coming to a stop without reflection at a brown wooden floor. The front windows, uncurtained, gave on Fifty-Seventh Street, where the late afternoon sun painted a likeness of a city landscape. Miss Cadman began tiptoeing, with her eyes widened, her mouth pursed in an immediate reverence. She looked at the Negro sculpture, the tan canvas background for the water colors on the side wall, and the brass bust of a woman's skull with two brass fingers at its throat. No one was there. On an easel by the marble fireplace, suggesting the dwelling place of the past that the brownstone front of the building had failed to conjure, was a landscape in the romantic style, golden brown, with leaves like shadows.

Miss Cadman turned to Mr. Dunn.

"Should they leave it like this?" she asked in a whisper. "Anybody could come in and make off with anything . . ."

"Tom ought to be here," he said. "I'll see."

Miss Cadman sat down in a cherry velvet armchair and lighted a cigarette. She laid her heavy purse symbolically on her large thighs and waited, with a trace of wealthy defiance. Mr. Dunn went to the door in the corner, and looked through.

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"Hey, Tom!" he called, turning at once to smile reassuringly at Miss Cadman. She was looking at the Negro sculpture through a platinum lorgnon.

There was the sound of a scramble, a chair pushed and then steps. In a moment, Tom appeared in the corner doorway. He looked surprised.

"Hello," he said, coming in. "How do you do," he said to Miss Cadman, who leaned forward in her chair and bit her lip absently, looking at Tom with her lorgnon. Mr. Dunn thought he could see the travel of her opinion behind her bland eyes. She put her gloved hand up to her hat and made its angle smarter. Physically dowdy, she made a fashionable figure, thanks to her clothes and her arrogance.

"Tom, Miss Cadman came to see some pictures," said Mr. Dunn. "She wants a canvas for her book room; there is a space about three feet square. Something modern."

"But it has to be *good*," said Miss Cadman, suddenly breaking a large smile over Tom, thinking that he was an attractive, tired, surly young man. He stood for a second, white in the face, with black hair and a bony nose. Then he said,

"We've got some new French things."

She got up and went to watch him while he pushed back a green curtain that concealed a stack of pictures. He pulled out three and set them against the white wall. Miss Cadman bit the inside of her month in communion with her opinion, and slowly shook her head.

"They're — they're . . ." she said, and Tom, without more ado, picked them up and faced them to the plaster. She walked to the stack of paintings, and after soiling her gloves on the first frame, rapidly ran through them and ticked off several she wanted to see. Behind her back, Mr. Dunn made a face of apology and hope at Tom, who was prattling in a low voice about such and such's point of view.

"Here!" said Miss Cadman, suddenly, pulling out a picture of a cat sitting on a cushion in a sunny window, all of which had outlines fuzzy with light and shadow, "This is adorable!"

She set it and backed away. Tom frowned, he murmured something.

"What?" she said. "H'nnh? Who did this? That's frightfully clever, isn't it, Dunn? I mean, such an amusing little cat. I mean!"

She lifted her shoulders, delighted with her authority, and ran forward to touch the canvas lightly with her fingers.

"Look," she said, "what's the price of that one, the cat?"

"I'll have to look it up," said Tom. "How do you like this one?"

He set out a gorgeous and formal still life from the Nineteenth Century.

"Chardin," he said. "A very rare one."

"Who?" she said. "Why — rare? Do you really think it's rare? I mean!"

"Chardin. Seven thousand dollars."

"Oh."

She threw back her sables and rattled her purse, which contained, she remembered with amusement, only six dollars. But also a cheque book, and a silver pen.

"Katie," said Mr. Dunn, "look at the cat again. Tom painted that, Mr. Fawle painted that one."

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Tom Fawle smiled under his frown as if to be strictly decent. He put the cat back of some other pictures, and said,

"This Renoir would be splendid among books."

He set out a pool with fallen trees in the foreground.

"Thirteen thousand."

Miss Cadman fell back into her cherry colored chair, and laughed, helplessly, shaking her chains and her lorgnon.

"How perfectly superb!" she cried, lively in amusement. "I actually prefer the Fawle cat to the Renoir or the Chardin. Mr. Fawle, do you really paint? I mean: how perfectly delicious, I must have that cat, really . . ."

Mr. Dunn leaned on his stick and felt almost laughable, it had been so easy. God knew what to expect! It would have been exactly like Tom to shut up the gallery, and go away, Miss Cadman or no Miss Cadman, cheque book or no cheque book. It was only old Mr. Regan's fuddle-headedness that kept Tom in the place anyway.

Tom was staring at the Renoir with squinted eyes.

"It's a beautiful Renoir," he said, over his shoulder at Miss Cadman. "Only thirteen thousand."

"My dear man," said Miss Cadman, with a perfumed geniality, "in the first place, I won't pay thirteen thousand to fill up my little wall. In the second place, I'm very, very *partial* to your cat. I must say I'm *très* partial to that pussycat. Cunning!"

Tom turned around and set the cat out before the Renoir. He shrugged, he lighted a cigarette. There was an air of profound regret in his voice when he said,

"As you will, the cat is priced at twenty thousand."

They all listened to the street below; there was a silence in the room, until Miss Cadman stamped her foot.

"Don't be so silly!" she said. "It's just what I want, what do you *mean*, what are you *talking* about, the Renoir is only thirteen thousand. Dunn, talk to him!"

She stopped her petulance and smiled with a vast coquetry at Tom, who was looking at her with open dislike.

"I hate people," said Tom, slowly and with a pure politeness, "who regard pictures as wall paper."

Mr. Dunn laughed as if this were a delightful whimsy.

"Wall paper!" cried Miss Cadman, "I never heard of such talk, what in the *world* . . ."

She fetched open her lorgnon again, and looked angrily at Tom. She was glad that his shirt was frayed, that his trousers didn't match his coat, and that his shoes were scuffed and unpolished. She hated him for looking distinguished in such shabbiness. Mr. Dunn, who was profoundly elegant, looked bloodless in his clothes. She slapped her bosom with her glass and thought with rage of the cheque book in her purse, that had never failed her before.

"Where is Mr. Regan?" she demanded. "I shall take this matter up with him. I want that picture, it's perfectly ridiculous to charge such a price for it."

"Mr. Regan is in Paris," said Tom. "I'd be glad to show you anything else — perhaps a colored

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lithograph — we have some charming ones . . ."

Mr. Dunn said to himself, I'll never try to help that fool again. He'll get fired. Katie won't buy *anything* now. Let him starve, he's such a . . .

Miss Cadman stood up. There were tears in her eyes. Her small red mouth was troubled by her caught breath. Tom regarded her with entire friendliness; it maddened her. She wanted to do something, pull his necktie, or his hair; he was polite, he was firm, he was strong, he was secure. It was intolerable that there was anything in life so secure as Tom's pride. She felt herself getting white, to her very eyes; what use was it? Why should she grieve her heart out for the white cat in the sunlight on his cushion? If he was strong, so was she. Her strength was a thing he clearly envied. Look at that shirt, those wretched shoes, he was only a miserable little painter, he had insulted her, she was a very intelligent woman, everybody said so, dear Katie, such exquisite taste, so clever with her money . . .

Mr. Dunn sighed as Tom put out his cigarette, and began piling the canvases back in their stack behind the green curtain.

Miss Cadman went forward and slapped Tom on the arm.

"Did you say twenty thousand?" she said, her voice cloudy with the tokens of her own artistic pride.

Tom stood up and stared at Dunn, to see if he had heard it too. Dunn nodded, with a face like a clown, ready to laugh, arrested in a grimace like grief.

"Why, yes," said Tom, sounding very foolish, and feeling more so.

Miss Cadman went to the table where the Negro sculpture stood, pushed it aside and wrote out a cheque. She turned and gave it to Tom, her hands trembling, her eyes now dry with force. Then she went to the wall and took the canvas of the cat in sunlight and looked at it as if it were her greatest achievement. The money didn't matter: she was so rich that her income was a secret. It was also a solace. As long as she could do things like that, she thought . . .

Tom was blushing. She knew that he would offer to return the cheque if she stayed another minute, which would ruin everything. She possessed the picture. She went down stairs. Mr. Dunn followed her, after winking with congratulation at Tom, murmuring, "Pretty slick!"

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A Hopeful Note on the Theatre

By Montrose J. Moses

Whatever immediate megrims there may be in American drama, its steady progress away from the provincial is encouraging

Our outlook upon drama in America has ceased being provincial. This statement may be so self-evident to some that they can not understand what a vast stride it means in the development of our theatre-mindedness, in freeing it from prejudices of religious sentiment, of narrow educational conventions and of social tabu. We were so narrow, in days gone by, that a foreign play never reached us unless it had been adapted so thoroughly as to be unrecognizable. Foreign actors were obliged to bring with them to this country librettos that were no better than our enlightenment and our understanding deserved. The fact that our schools and colleges did not turn out linguists, but made us innocent victims of Babel, only helped to perpetuate our ignorance, and to discourage any direct interest in what the dramatists abroad were writing about.

In other words, foreign plays were goods brought over, after we had sent our theatre managers to Europe, and they had made a hurried tour of the theatres of England, France and Germany. The other countries did not matter at that time. Remember, Caruso was discovered by Heinrich Conried, the Metropolitan impresario, on recommendation of a bootblack, and his first audition was a phonograph record! Ibsen seeped into this country as an "ungenteel" person from Scandinavia, who had not been able to be discussed at the luncheon tables in London. And there were groups of writers in Paris, like Strindberg, who were quite mad over their absinthe cups. These foreigners were contaminating every one, so our Puritan souls thought; they were making dramatists create, as by contagion, such wayward heroines as Mrs. Ebbsmith and Mrs. Tanqueray; they were encouraging such "not-quite-nice" vegetarian wits as Bernard Shaw.

So, we went about denaturing our foreign plays, adapting them to the requirements of a society unsympathetic to them in the original. Nevertheless, for one of our native players to attempt a foreign drama was considered a brave venture. The idea was that, though we might not approve of the play, at least the very desire to produce it indicated,

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by tacit understanding, that the player was "intellectual." There was a sneaking conviction that to be "intellectual" in the theatre was to be naughty; and that foreign drama was too sophisticated for our simple tastes!

Theatrical exploitation was our only hope of obtaining the unusual foreign play; for only theatrical exploitation would attract the attention of the theatre manager, madly bidding abroad for Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and later for Sudermann's *The Joy of Living*, and later still for Lehar's *The Merry Widow*. It was not the intellectual content of the European drama we were after. We wanted the sensation. We wanted the play on our own terms. We were not interested in French discussions of religion or marriage or divorce or family life. We had our own ideas of the French national mind! Only the violent theatrical situation would make such plays acceptable. For that reason, we were not concerned with Hervieu. We were afraid of German doctrine, so we looked askance at Hauptmann's *The Weavers*. Such plays as Bernstein's *The Thief* we could understand. But to call French dramatists moralists was past our comprehension.

In the midst of this floundering ignorance, James Huneker moved as a rare exotic, born in Pennsylvania; he sipped of the wine of France and drank of the beer of Germany and Austria. His volatile nature was a curiosity to us in the stodgy 1890 days of dramatic criticism. His delightful essays, which Huneker wrote for his paper and the magazines, reprinted in such of his books as *Iconoclasts* and *Egoists*, first accustomed us to foreign theatre names with which we would not then have become otherwise familiar. He, and Shaw in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, prepared us for Ibsen; he sketched for us the faint figures of Maeterlinck's marionnette heroines. From him we began hearing of Maeterlinck as the Belgian Shakespeare and of Strindberg as the Shakespeare of Sweden. He was the heralder of Gorky's *Nachtasyl;* he was our first American critic to turn the tables, and brew the quintessence of Shaw for us.

We really do not know how fast this world has been moving, especially this part of it, until we note how few the years between these pioneer Huneker days and now — pioneer in so far as we were a little ashamed, when the foreign plays seeped into our theatre, that our amusement was a matter of chance and commerce. Such stray performances as came to us — Mrs. Fiske in *Hannele*, Sothern in *The Sunken Bell*, D'Annunzio's *The Dead City* and *Giaconda* — largely acceptable because of Duse — were regarded on no broad basis of what the dramatist meant in European life, but merely hailed as novelties in a moribund theatre.

We did not know it was dying; we were too busy welcoming our own infant products, which gave us sensation, punch, deft mechanics and half-digested problems. Clyde Fitch had some of the foreign flavor to him in his plays because he went abroad every season and was a sophisticated, well-traveled man. It was in him to dare the independent thing and, knowing him as I did, I believe he possessed a body of ideas. But he lived in a theatre that did not want ideas; that made him scout abroad for cleverness.

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There was no form of literature in which we desired to deceive ourselves more completely than the drama. We feared the growth of ideas; we feared disillusionment; we feared dreams with no hold on reality; all because, being "broad" enough to accept the theatre in the face of our Puritan heritage, we wanted to deceive ourselves that democracy was all right, that we in our human relations were sound, and that we could do no wrong! In those days it was a "bold" venture to go to see Sudermann's *Magda*.

Now, I am not one to believe that we are willing even now to go foreign entirely. I don't fool myself that any American theatre today could present Wedekind's *Spring's Awakening* without demur; I still feel that Brieux is regarded by the plentifully orthodox playgoers as one to be watched by the police; I think Gorky was sound when he wrote, "I am inclined to believe that in America the theory of spiritual salvation through suffering is not as popular as it used to be in Russia." Mayhap it is that very fear of suffering which has made the American try to forget it in a thoroughly futile form of entertainment so long dominant on our stage.

None the less, there has been an intelligent awakening in the theatre, and, because the schools continue to turn out graduates who — after four years' plugging — still can not read fluently the simplest German or French, it is still necessary for us to have the foreign plays translated. There is scarcely a foreign dramatist of note who is not in part available to us in book form. For we must know the world theatre. There has been revolution in the theatre; nations have been drawn closer together; there is a theatre interchange of interests and of products; there is personal contact between all branches of theatre activity both here and abroad; and our younger generation goes abroad for a culture which has never before been associated with the theatre.

This culture has been instilled in the minds of the younger generation by an entirely revolutionary attitude in the colleges. The contemporary has been taken up by the educator, since we are living in such a vital world of change. Students are no longer the docile creatures they were in the days of the New England Primer and the little red brick schoolhouse. Our college courses in drama have broken from the classics; foreign students have become propaganda for their own countries. Movements like the Irish Theatre and the Moscow Ballet and Art Theatre have visited us and left their influences. So our bookshelves are filled with translations of foreign plays and foreign theses on European activity in the theatre. First nights in Berlin, Vienna, Prague and London are of almost as much concern to us as an opening in New York. To mention a new play by Lenormand or Pirandello or Capek is to pique our instant curiosity. This new interest and this new demand are not thoroughly satisfied. Examine any treatise on Continental playwrights, and much useless time has to be squandered outlining the plots of plays not translated — a process so deadly as to make most of the books unreadable and undependable. At best translations have been distortions. In

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foreign dramas, story plots are not the plays themselves; there are arguments, attitudes, intentions, characterizations which are utterly passed by.

I recently heard a play reader make the confession that there came through her hands manuscripts that she hated to let go, but that, were they produced, would not be profitable, since there was no American audience for them. I asked why. The answer was prompt: "Because their social doctrine would not interest the American audience; because their moral problems are not imminent in this country; because we are still dominated by tabu. Look," she said, "how you treated Bourdet's *The Captive*." There was no gainsaying that. National differences must be considered in our acceptance of an international theatre. Sheer talk for itself has been one of the handicaps that has kept us from understanding the French drama. On the other hand, take some of our own prominent plays and notice how they have been misunderstood abroad — even in their slim claims to intellectual understanding. In Paris, they took the Emperor Jones, in Eugene O'Neill's play, to symbolize American greed for money. A French critic wrote: "With money you are the slave, the prey. Man becomes master, or he returns to the beast. That is the adventure of Brutus Jones." So much for the dollar sign as the American symbol!

It was in 1901 that Norman Hapgood wrote his *The Stage in America*. He was one of the forward looking newspaper dramatic critics of the time. He welcomed dramas of ideas — what there were of them on our stage! There was no mention in his book of Russia and Chekhov, though the latter at that time had written *The Sea Gull*, *Uncle Vanya*, and *Three Sisters;* there was no reference to Strindberg or Wedekind, though by that time Strindberg had written half of his dramas, and Wedekind had sent forth a decade before his provocative *Spring's Awakening*. Tolstoi had been seen by Mr. Hapgood in a student performance of *The Power of Darkness*. Ostrovsky was puzzling him in *The Storm* because "it is so foreign" — such an expression meant much in those days: and its "condition was so special" — which was true, considering the isolation we felt toward all Continental Europe. I am sure that the critics of Hapgood's time regarded the mysticism and symbolism of the foreign drama as a cloak behind which the Continental dramatist concealed the absence of common sense, which we demanded in our theatre. The confusion was due to the inflexible mind American audiences took with them to the theatre.

Ibsen's fame spread throughout the world in the 'Nineties; he was the greatest advertisement the modern drama could have had; he freed the theatre of its traditions; he was a firebrand that heated the woman question. The effectiveness of Ibsen's dramas on the stage was due to the fact that they were actable; no matter how strong the propaganda, no matter whether you agreed with him or not, they were magnificent acting vehicles. Even now, when women smile at Nora's perturbations over the denseness of Torvald, *A Doll's House* is still an excellent vehicle for

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acting. We forgive many things on the stage because of the acting; even *Camille* can win our sympathy if the actress can! If Ibsen did not immediately have effect on the English speaking stage, at least he gave us a sense of good dialogue — realistic dialogue — which was at the basis of modern dramatic literature. As a boy I first heard of Ibsen through Shaw, and of Shaw through Ibsen — a widening of my horizon, for I had spent six months at college studying Hamlet as a requirement! Fortunately, there was an idiomatic translation of Ibsen, however much critics might criticise William Archer for his deviations from the original. I remember the quarrels that used to pursue Archer for his title *A Doll's House* instead of *A Doll's Home*. Yet we had to have translations, if ever we were to know anything of the Continental drama. Bedlam was still in Babel and still is. The German youth at the Gymnasium could handle many tongues; our own school systems found it difficult for scholars to handle one — their own. But, since there began to be a demand for foreign plays, their translation came at greater frequency.

Young spirit has rushed into our theatre under the spell of the art theories of Appia, Reinhardt and Stanislavsky; the art studios of Europe have had their share in the internationalizing of our theatre interest. We had been drab, colorless, devoid of mood in our home drama. But now, Puritan gray gave place to Bakst color schemes. Woman's dress paid loyalty to the Ballet Russe, and the new art began to send zephyrs of influence into our artistic lives. "Zephyrs" is the right word, for, in our reforms, we have never been whirlwind. With all the little tempests of our little theatres and our art centres, we have not completely swept away the old régime.

This systematic broadening of our outlook by the importation of new movements from abroad; the ability afforded us to witness what was representative of the Continental theatre, quickened even more our interest in foreign drama. We began to dabble in the forms that were more representative of the foreign type of mind than of the American. In fact, our playwrights most vociferously decried the idea that they were expressionistic because the Europeans were expressionistic. Elmer Rice refused to believe that *The Adding Machine* had any foreign forebears; Eugene O'Neill denied any relationship to a foreign model when he wrote *The Emperor Jones*. It irritates our American dramatists to be beholden to any recognized influence. They wish to give the impression that they are experimental; that, out of a nervous feel for new forms, they have found a shape peculiar to their own particular subject. The excesses, the crudities in O'Neill's plays show a basic restlessness, an unsettled artistry. Yet he typifies the far advance we have made in our spiritual growth; he shows an awakening that has been due to the urge given our native theatre by the new ideas, the new stage methods born on the Continent. He is our one dramatist who has written from an inner urge, whose temper toward life has been purely of a personal nature. The young dramatists in Germany may not have been his models, but he has been

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caught in the same stream of change. The theatres of all countries have been washed by the same Gulf Stream of ideas and emotions since the War.

THE reactions resulting from the Great War brought about the international relations which still further broadened our theatre outlook in this country. We have reached an era in history when national isolation is impossible; when the solutions of our problems depend on our acceptance of international economic balances. It is not so much what statesmen may do to the world that will affect our drama, as what the youth movements of the world will do to prepare themselves to take over the reins of government. War became the theme for the dramatists of all countries; dreams of a noble humanity were alike the concern of all countries; the brutal realism of war remembered, participated in by millions who had never nationally touched shoulders before — such evidences pointed to international interests common to all, even though subject to national variations, due to temperament.

Such universal concentration on the same themes, the same interests, was bound to make more evident the basis for an international interest in the drama of the world. There were new sweeps of psychology, partly due to the effects of war tension, and these recognized no boundaries, since human beings have a common denominator, no matter what their national variations. Forms of art, emotional reactions, the mystic backgrounds of life felt even at high tension upon the battlefield, the suppressed feelings of men and women, the irritations over wavering systems of government — all these universal elements, brought to a consuming irritation the world over — were used by dramatists everywhere. They were as vitally important in America as in Europe. The Soviet propaganda of Russia, the communistic bitterness of republican Germany, the Freudian tinge of Pirandello and Lenormand, reached across the Atlantic. It is this widened interest that indicates how the American drama is growing up. Where, in years past, we had been imitative of Victorian England, we now sense our own vitality, and reach into our own roots.

The English critics have been very frank, whenever our plays have been given in England, to criticize the puerile quality of our ideas and the noisy onrush of our comic situations. "The American considers that bright which we call swank," they say; and further they have asserted that we treat on our stage as important that which is commonplace. Even to this day, they have not forgotten that quality of "Rooseveltian stridency" which they recognized in our noisy sense of humor. If, in earlier times, they used to jibe at our American language, they will probably have more reason to do so in the future, for our language of discourse is changing fast. Note that language crops up to keep us apart. In the future, a glossary will be needed for Sherriff's *Journey's End* and also for Maxwell Anderson's *What Price Glory?* but it will not be the same glossary. In fact, Ashley Dukes, attempting to establish the high position of the

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translator in the theatre, and at the same time to justify adaptation as a legitimate method of transferring one nation's drama to another nation's stage, has called attention to the fact that extreme colloquialism is one of the pitfalls the translator has to guard against; wooden versions are the result of too close and literal a rendering of idiomatic expression. Mr. Dukes prophesies that the time "is coming nearer when American plays will be brought to London in a definitely English version, which will be at the same time a translation of the text and an adaptation of the setting." It is not a new method. Long ago Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* was given in London as *Brighton*. I should like to know from Mr. O'Neill his feelings whenever he has seen one of his plays transferred to a foreign stage. I have examined various stage sets of *Desire Under the Elms* — Russian, Bohemian, German sets trying to suggest the New England atmosphere. Perhaps Mr. Dukes looks forward to the time when a play of one nation will become merely the source and inspiration for a playwright in another country. For instance, when I witnessed Paul Green's *The House of Connolly*, I could not forget the palpable similarity between it and Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. Let us call it an unconscious transference of the spirit of one play to a new locality. This has no hint of plagiarism about it; it is merely a recognition that the fundamental thesis of a decadent aristocracy at grips with the newer generation, which is a thesis perfectly applicable to another locality under different local and traditional influences, is a suitable universal theme for any international theatre programme.

The American playwright has been accused of a slavish dependence on realism, on a reportorial sense which makes him more concerned with sequence of events than with logical progression of thought. The acute observation of little things has dominated our writing and our producing. In one direction, that of stagecraft, Belasco became the high altitude mark of reverence for the Great God Detail; in writing, the conqueror of the meticulous fact has been George Kelly. But, I believe that Philip Barry is excellent illustration of the effect artistic liberation in the theatre can have on the individual writer. Sidney Howard is another example of the playwright coming out of the thralls of the old theatre, though now and again he returns to do routine work for it in the way of adaptation.

So, this internationalism which I claim is a part of the theatres of all countries does not necessarily mean any loss of individuality; it merely means, there are broad sweeps of reactions that grip the world at stated times; that tendencies in thought and styles in technique are contagious and roll from shore to shore. You open your paper in the morning to the news that various American plays are being produced in countries you least thought would understand their nature. As an illustration, Connelly's *Green Pastures* has just had its première in Stockholm. Surely such specialized humanity as is to be found in this play needs a special understanding! But the theme of *Green Pastures* is more general than that; it deals with

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a people to whom religion is real. God might theatrically and with ease tread the world in other places than down in Louisiana. There is a thrill to be found in any group of people to whom religion is so much a part of daily living as Mr. Connolly depicts in his effective drama, and God so possessed of human characteristics needs no explanation. It is this same universal application which gave vitality to Capek's *R. U. R.* and *The World We Live In* for New York audiences and for audiences in Prague.

But notwithstanding the theatre exchange that is taking place the world over, each country is curious regarding the national reactions of its neighbors. I have before me the first French history of the American theatre I have seen. The author, Léonie Villard, grants that America challenges the curiosity of Europe; she acclaims the renewed vitality of the American writer; she acknowledges certain aspirations which belong distinctly to a new world. As against this new world, the foreign writer is constantly using the expression, "We Europeans." There are differences between people, and nowhere are they more apparent than in the art they produce. The Russian Ballet was not half as interesting when it danced the French ballets, however beautifully done, as it was in the wild folk quality of *Petrouchka*.

I have recently read a book entitled *The International Note in Contemporary Drama*, wherein the author, Evelyn Newman, indicates how a common attitude of revolt against war has called forth numberless plays on the subject. Whatever variations are to be detected clearly indicate the national temperament of the writers. However, the thoughts of the various authors, separated by distance and by differences of speech, sometimes touched. It was not an accidental similarity; rather was it a natural human reaction to thoughts that were in the air. In like manner Ibsen's thoughts in the air had mildly stirred the lesser pen of Pinero when the latter created Ebbsmith and Tanqueray.

International interest in the theatre, therefore, is a confession that only by cross-fertilization of ideas can a theatre grow into broader sympathy. Since the Great War we have had a keener touch with European drama; we have read more thoroughly the plays that dominate the stages of the Continent; we have had more opportunity to judge their content and to test their fitness for us. But more than that, this international view is freeing the dramatist from the demands of a theatre that has been utilitarian and commercial, and is now healthily sensitive to change. There are elements in the American theatre that may retard this change for a while; there are forces outside the theatre, like films and radio, that are tempting the author and the actor away from the stage; there are still policies upheld that subject the theatre on the one hand to the exploiting of theatrical commodities; and on the other that put the theatre in the hands of wild experimenters. But there is no doubt that we are wiser than ever before as to what is happening the world over, and this may some day have an appreciable influence on the character and stamina of our audiences.

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The Drive Against Din

By Wayne Gard

What progress has been made by noise-abatement commissions?

It's an hour past midnight, and the party is going strong: there's plenty of dance music on the radio, and scarcely any one has found fault with the gin. Then, suddenly, a damper is thrown on the fun. A policeman knocks at the door and politely informs the host that neighbors have objected to the noise. He suggests that the radio be shut off, or at least be toned down, for the benefit of those who want to sleep.

Some people comply readily — though perhaps reluctantly — with such requests. Others become resentful and belligerent. "Can't a man entertain friends in his own home?" the offended host argues. "Why do people have to go to bed with the chickens, anyway?" Where can a person have any individual liberty, he wonders, if not in his own home?

Yet the people who want to sleep believe that they have rights, too, and in the end they are likely to win. As our ways of living have become more complex, particularly within the last generation, social considerations have gained repeated victories in curbing the liberty of the individual. The American motorist, unless he is drunk, no longer demands the right of driving on the left side of the highway, and the time is coming when he will have to revise his ideas about freedom in noise-making.

The farmer may operate his radio as loudly or as late as he pleases and may plow his land with a tractor that has no muffler. But if he travels by motor, he must have a silencer on his car; and if he moves into the city, he may have to sign a lease in which he agrees to forego the use of his radio after midnight. If he lives in New York, he will be under a law which bans any "loud, excessive, or unusual noise" from a radio or phonograph if the noise disturbs "the comfort, quiet or repose" of persons in the building or the vicinity.

The restriction, either by law or by informal social pressure, of the use of the radio in apartments and in other crowded residential sections is only one of many steps which are being taken to abridge the initiative of the individual in producing din. In many localities, limitations have been — or are about to be — placed upon the blowing of steam whistles, the sounding of automobile horns and the use of pneumatic riveters. Efforts are also being made toward

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reducing the noise made by street cars and elevated and subway trains.

These restrictions are imperative if there is to be any effective refutation of Thomas A. Edison's prediction that the man of the future will be deaf. New York traffic noises have reached such an intensity that on certain streets the roar of a Bengal tiger could not be heard twenty feet away. In thirty per cent of the schools of New York City, some classrooms recently were found to have been made useless by noise; in this city alone, noise was interfering with the education of 477,400 children.

ALTHOUGH complicated many times over by the recent complexity of our methods of transportation, the problem of noise is ages old. Even in the animal kingdom, the panther with his padded feet seeks by the elimination of noise to overcome the alertness of his prey. Long before the modern era, the Greek city of Sybaris, founded in southern Italy in 720 B. C., zoned its various areas and banned industrial din from its residential sections. The quiet which prevailed in this city was such that the Romans, just emerging from barbarism, had a vaudeville joke about the Sybarite who was unable to sleep because a leaf was crumpled in his bed of rose petals.

Philosophers and writers habitually have complained of noise as an enemy of concentration. Kant and Goethe, Mark Twain and Joseph Pulitzer were alike in regarding noise as a menace to health and accomplishment. Thomas Carlyle, who dreaded the crowing of a cock, sought escape by working in a sound-proof room. Herbert Spencer, who believed that one "might gauge a man's intellectual capacity by the degree of his intolerance of unnecessary noises," used to plug his ears.

Arthur Schopenhauer called noise "a torture to intellectual people" and "the true murderer of thought." He was especially distracted by the cracking of drivers' whips. "No sound, be it ever so shrill, cuts so sharply into the brain as this cursed cracking of whips," he wrote; "you feel the sting of the lash right inside your head; and it affects the brain in the same way as touch affects a sensitive plant, and for the same length of time." In 1858, two years before Schopenhauer died, the superfluous cracking of whips was forbidden in Nuremberg.

In a more scientific sense, the study of the extent and effects of noise is extremely recent. Yet the pioneer noise surveys made from five to eight years ago have borne fruit already; they have made people conscious of the noise peril and have become incentives to further investigations by private and public agencies. Thus far, the most comprehensive inquiry is that of the Noise Abatement Commission of New York City. The report of this commission, published in 1930, has become almost a Bible to crusaders against din.

At present, so many university departments and industrial organizations have undertaken the study of noise that it has seemed necessary to try to coördinate their efforts to the extent of avoiding diversity of nomenclature and measurement methods which might interfere with the value of their work. Steps have

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been taken to provide—under the procedure of the American Standards Association and the technical leadership of the Acoustical Society of America—uniform names, units and scales.

As some newspaper readers will recall, the Noise Abatement Commission of New York sent about the city a motor truck with apparatus and a crew of observers who measured noise levels at 138 locations; it also made a compilation of 11,068 complaints against specific noises. These complaints showed that by far the greatest annoyance resulted from traffic noises made by trucks, automobile horns, cut-outs, brakes, buses, traffic whistles and motorcycles. Next came noises from transportation by street cars and elevated and subway trains. Following in order were the noises made by radios, collection and delivery trucks and wagons, whistles and bells, construction, and last the sounds from newsboys, peddlers, dogs, cats and noisy parties.

The commission's investigators found that in some parts of New York there was almost as much noise by night as by day. They discovered that the riveters used in steel construction made more noise than explosives used in excavation and that a subway express, as it passed a local station, produced more racket than a steamship whistle or a pile driver. The roars of lions and tigers, measured in the Bronx Zoo, were found to be less terrific than the din of subway trains and that of the more noisy elevated trains.

Of the distraction caused by noise, almost every one can testify from his own experience. Even on the golf course, ordinarily a refuge from city din, players sometimes are unnerved by noise. At Brookline, Massachusetts, last September 2, Francis Ouimet and Tony Torrance, captains of the rival Walker Cup teams, were on the eighteenth green. Their scores were the same. But just as the Englishman was ready to putt, movie men began grinding their cameras and in a nearby window a radio reporter began gabbling at the top of his voice. Torrance waited, annoyed, but the racket continued. Then he struck the ball, but not hard enough. In turn, he struck again—and missed. The match had gone to his noise-hardened American rival.

NOISE is more than a nuisance. Although further scientific experiments are now being made, it already has been demonstrated by physicians and psychologists that noise harms its victims to an extent that would have been incredible a few years ago. One engineer, Stephen E. Slocum, declares that "within a generation, noise will vie with disease unless the same mechanical ingenuity that has called the mechanical robot of the age into existence shall also be able to endow it with a soul of quiet."

Experiments made by Dr. Foster Kennedy in Bellevue Hospital in New York showed that the unexpected bursting of a blown-up paper bag behind a patient's back raised his brain pressure to four times the normal for seven seconds. This effect was greater than that of either morphine or nitroglycerine, and the normal state was not regained for thirty seconds. Other studies show

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that prolonged exposure to loud noise destroys some of the auditory organs and leads first to inability to recognize tones and later to positive deafness. Many New York taxi drivers have become hard of hearing after a few years in noisy streets.

The immediate effects of loud noise are not limited to increased intracranial pressure. The victim's muscles grow taut, his hair bristles, his heart pumps faster and less regularly. If it is meal time, he loses interest in his food. He experiences a fear reaction, similar to shell-shock, with resultant fatigue and nervous exhaustion. His efficiency as a worker is interfered with. "At first the worker becomes stimulated," Dr. Ludwig Loeb of Philadelphia explains, "then disturbed, excited and irritable. He is subject to loss of temper. Those engaged in brain work are prevented from sustained thinking. In the attempt to overcome the effects of noise, great strain is put on the nervous system, leading to neurasthenia and psychoasthenia."

Experiments at Northwestern University showed that reading and typing were made considerably harder by a noisy environment. Other tests, based upon the amount of carbon dioxide exhaled by the subjects of experiments, have shown that office workers had to expend nineteen per cent more energy in a noisy room than in a quiet room to do the same amount of work. The reduction of noise in a large insurance office had the practical effect of increasing the production of office workers twelve per cent.

At Colgate University in 1930 nine men students slept with small electric motors hung under their beds. The noise and the vibration were found to cause headaches and circles under the eyes; the students were unsteady and wobbly on their feet, heard buzzing noises during the day, were irritated by ordinary things and laughed at common occurrences; they wanted to be alone and to avoid talking; time dragged for them, and they had to exert unusual effort to do routine work. The effects of the second week were more severe than those of the first.

The city child, unless he lives in an unusually quiet neighborhood, is handicapped from the start. Noise interferes with his sleep and sometimes prevents his normal growth. Experiments with white rats have shown that those segregated from noise gained in weight ten per cent faster than those exposed to continuous noise. Moreover, when the city child goes to school, street noises often interfere with his concentration and make it impossible for him to hear all that the teacher says.

Dr. William Baird White of Chicago's noise commission believes that the noise of our cities has dulled the sensibilities of Americans to good music and good literature and that American women are known over the world for their "terrible" voices because they have to shout at each other so much. He even goes so far as to link insanity and suicide rates with the increase in noise. To make the indictment complete, the Minneapolis *Star* suggests that although noise is not often mentioned in bills for divorce, "often it is the little devil that starts couples toward the divorce court."

Of the relation of noise to accidents and crime, there is little con-

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crete evidence. It is apparent to even a casual observer, however, that a motorist who is driven frantic by the horns and sirens of impatient drivers behind him is much more likely to have an accident than if he were left alone. And since there is a close relation between hysteria and crime, some have suspected that city noises are partly responsible for the oversensitive and neurotic state of mind that responds readily to criminal suggestion.

The harm that noise does is not measured by its volume alone. Moderately low-pitched noises are less harmful than shrill ones, and rhythmic noises are less obnoxious than irregular ones. While the gnawing of a mouse may be most disturbing, the sound of a mountain brook, of a breeze in the pines, or of distant breakers often seems like a lullaby. This apparently is because of the rhythmic quality, possibly also because we instinctively recognize the sound as harmless.

It is a fallacy, however, to believe that one can get used to harmful noise and thus cancel its injurious effects. Even though we become relatively unconscious of the noise, the physical injury and the nervous strain continue. "It is a law of nervous stimulation," explains Professor Henry J. Spooner, an English pioneer in noise abatement, "that a continued activity of any animal structure results in less and less psychic result, and that when a stimulus is always at work it ceases to have any appreciable effect. Thus a constant noise may cease to produce any conscious sensation"; but "although the noise may not be heard, the nerve-force suffers, the power of the nerve pores and corpuscles being affected by the stimulation until it declines by exhaustion." Noise affects blood pressure and muscular tension even during sleep.

That noise is enormously expensive should be obvious. While it would be impossible to state in dollars the annual economic loss resulting from preventable noise, this factor is one of the costliest of industrial overheads. That this loss exceeds the loss caused by forest fires is not improbable. Noise in factories reduces the output of workers; noise in stores and restaurants drives away customers.

THE individual is almost helpless in trying to escape from city din. If he is well-to-do, he may move to a relatively quiet suburb and build a noise-proof house. But, as a rule, he has little choice as to his place of work; and in any case he encounters some of the worst forms of noise in going and coming. He dares not plug his ears, as Herbert Spencer did, because he must be alert to escape the dangers of street traffic. He can protect his eyes from abnormally strong light by blinking, by unconsciously contracting the pupil, or by wearing dark glasses; but for his ears he has no such defense.

Municipalities and industrial corporations, however, can do much toward noise abatement. Several cities have effected a reduction in the sounding of automobile horns, ninety-seven per cent of which noise has been found needless. In 1930, the Noise Abatement Commission of New York called the attention of manufacturers of automobile horns to the results of tests made for the

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commission by the Bell Telephone Laboratories — tests which showed that ninety-five per cent of the horns were objectionable, that some were raucous and terrifying, and that one could be heard ten miles away under favorable conditions. The manufacturers indicated a willingness to reform their products, with the result that in 1931 only seven per cent of the horns were found objectionable.

Musical vehicles used for advertising have been banished from the streets of New York, St. Louis and other cities. In Omaha, motorcyclists have been forced to close their cut-outs. In New York, all drivers of mail trucks have been instructed to keep their cut-outs closed and to use their warning signals only to prevent accidents. Recently experiments have been made in the silencing of airplanes.

The quieting of street cars and elevated and subway trains presents greater difficulties. Flat wheels have been eliminated in some instances; but since many street car and elevated lines have become unprofitable to their owners, it is not easy to enforce drastic and expensive improvements. In the subways, which are made the noisiest of all transit lines by the reverberating walls of the tubes, little improvement has been made thus far except in the silencing of turnstiles. Some progress has been made in insulating the cars, however, and experiments in lining the walls of the tubes with noise-absorbing materials suggests an eventual reduction of subway roar.

Subduing the screech of the radio is a baffling problem that can not be solved by legislation alone. In New York and numerous other cities, sidewalk radios have been outlawed. To regulate indoor radios is a more touchy matter; yet the city of New York, while imposing no restriction upon the hours of operation, has enacted a vague ban upon unusual and disturbing loudness, a ban which at least may lend weight to the weapon of moral suasion. Some of the station announcers have cooperated in noise abatement by requesting listeners to tone down their loud-speakers at ten-thirty to avoid disturbing their neighbors.

Even the garbage collectors may become less a nuisance than they have been, for it is now possible to have garbage cans that do not rattle. In the delivery of milk, marked improvement is on the way. The largest dairy company has discovered that much of the noise of its deliveries can be eliminated; as a result, its men now wear rubber heels and carry their bottles in rubber-cushioned trays. This company has also put balloon tires on its big wholesale delivery trucks and gradually is introducing rubber-tired wagons on its residential routes.

The taming of steamer, locomotive and factory whistles and of various kinds of bells has been made easy by the coöperation of citizens and companies responsible for these noises. It has been found that most factory whistles are needless. Men can go to work on time and quit on time without having a whole town or an entire city precinct disturbed.

Banishing the din that comes from the riveters used in constructing steel buildings may have to await the revision of building codes to allow fusion welding. By 1930, when the depression almost put an end to

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building work, sixty-four cities in the Pacific Coast States and several in other parts of the country had changed their regulations to permit welding, and nearly a hundred buildings and bridges had been erected by this method. But the larger cities have been slow to change, fearing that this cheaper and less noisy method is not yet fully dependable. Meanwhile, a new "silent" rivet has just been invented. This is a combination of rivet and screw-bolt and is reported to be both stronger and less noisy during construction than the ordinary rivet. Its general adoption might relieve the ears and nerves of many thousands of city dwellers.

In restaurants, offices, printing plants and factories, the reduction of noise to a virtually harmless level is made easy by covering the ceiling with a fire-proof board perforated with holes. Some talkie theaters have been given a similar ceiling treatment and have been equipped with upholstered and squeakless chairs. Nothing has yet been found, however, to silence the popcorn-munchers in the audience.

The home of the future will be made almost noiseless by insulation and by window devices which, at the same time, allow air to enter but keep out nearly all the noise. To make an old house noise-proof is costly, but to build noise-absorbing equipment into a new house is relatively inexpensive. When landlords learn that quiet houses and quiet apartments are easier to rent, they probably will adopt noise-absorbing measures as rapidly as they have been installing electric refrigeration in the last four years.

Outside the home, noise abatement may come slowly, since it must follow the arousing of public opinion against a peril of which most people are not yet aware. Yet steps toward noise reduction are being taken not only in the principal American cities but also in the larger European capitals. In hastening the termination of the age of din, the individual victim of racket can help by making sure that he himself is not responsible for any noise nuisance and by calling the attention of city officials and newspaper editors and readers to the more flagrant of unnecessary noises.

What the anti-noise movement promises is a return to the quiet of the horse-and-buggy age without sacrificing any of the gains of modern manufacturing, construction, or transit. When the aims of this movement are achieved, we — or at least our children — will be disturbed by nothing more painful than the nocturnal yowls of the proverbial alley cat, a noise that presumably will continue to defy both city ordinances and moral suasion.

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A Hint of Progress

By Otto David Tolischus

In the Ottawa tariff agreements concerning British Empire trade there is a promise of the first vigorous attack on the world's preposterous tariff barriers

"A useful bit of work" — that's how Stanley Baldwin characterized the results of the British Empire Conference at Ottawa. His summary is more than a sample of the English art of understatement. It is the exact truth. Ottawa was a useful bit of work — no more, no less. The world in general and the British in particular are still quarreling about whether Ottawa was a gain or a loss, but a candid appraisal of the Ottawa agreements indicates that if exalted optimists were disappointed, the pessimists were equally confounded.

As an adventure in economic imperialism, symbolized by Lord Beaverbrook's "Empire Free Trade" crusade, the Conference was a flop. The old system of colonial exploitation for the benefit of the mother country is deader than a door nail, at least so far as the self-governing dominions of the British Commonwealth of Nations are concerned. There is not going to be any "Autark," or self-contained British Empire, shut off from the rest of the world by unscalable tariff walls. In fact, the effort to discuss Empire in terms of lemons and lamb chops brought forth such acrimonious debate that so sterling an anti-imperialist as the Viscount Snowden of Ickornshaw suddenly began to tremble for the Empire and quit the cabinet. But the Ottawa conferees had discovered this danger before he did, and by a supreme effort had steered the Conference from bitter haggling over rival trade advantages to the calmer channels of mutual accommodation.

"Even one-quarter of the human race can not profitably shut itself off from contact with the rest of the world," said R. B. Bennett, Canadian Premier. Coming from a high tariff protagonist and violent exponent of the "Canada First" principle, his statement is worth pondering by partisans of "Autarkie" in other lands. The failure of the doctrine of self-containment was not the least important among the results of Ottawa.

The positive results of that conference automatically fall into three classifications, according to how they affect, first the British Empire; second, the world in general; third, America.

The dollar and cent results of the

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agreements are still to become visible when they are applied in practice. But the response to them throughout the British world clearly indicates that the British Empire has taken a new lease on life. The characterization of them by Lord Melchett, head of the British Chemical Trust, as a "miracle," and the statements of Bennett proclaiming that the British stand "in the order of the centuries as the heirs of the Roman Empire," and envisioning a "future of unlimited hope," and a "Kingdom of Heaven on earth," were undoubtedly due to the oratorical intoxication of the moment, and to relief over the fact that an inter-Empire tariff war had been averted; but Bennett's more sober statement that Ottawa marks "a definite advance toward closer empire economic association" may be accepted as accurate. The disintegrating tendencies among the British nations have been checked, and probably reversed. The world can not be considered the loser because of this. It has nothing to gain from a break-up of the British Empire. But Ottawa was neither final nor conclusive. It was merely a prelude to the coming world economic conference, when the same problems that were discussed on an Empire scale will have to be discussed on a world scale. Some of the most important problems, in fact, like monetary reform and raising of the commodity price level, were postponed for the very reason that they can be solved only on a world-wide scale. Because of Ottawa, the British Empire will be able to present a more nearly united front at such a world conference than it could have before Ottawa, and Ottawa also indicates the policy which the British Empire will pursue.

THE first and obvious result of Ottawa is that Great Britain and the British Empire in general have been permanently committed to a protectionist tariff policy. Free trade has gone into the limbo of the past. The twelve bi-lateral agreements reached between the members of the Empire, all depending on one another, run for five years. If ratified — of which there is little doubt — they provide for the existence of the British tariff for the same length of time, and any tariff existing for five years creates so many vested interests that its repeal becomes virtually impossible.

But the tariff alone, even when bolstered up by the depreciation of the British pound, has not been sufficient to develop trade or to provide work for the idle millions. Developments within Britain quickly knocked all theories about tariffs as industrial stimuli into a cocked hat. The tariff and the currency depreciation were able to reduce imports and thereby improve Britain's balance of international payments. To a country like Great Britain, which was beginning to eat up its capital invested abroad, this was important. But they were unable to expand British exports, without which British industry can not exist. During the first nine months of this year, imports dropped by £101,150,000 compared with the same period last year, while exports decreased by only £21,292,000. But exports did decrease, and following an initial spurt in employment during the readjustment period, the amount of British

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unemployment broke all records when it reached 2,859,828 in August this year. Decreased trade simply fails to provide work, and Liverpool and Manchester are again being swept by unemployment riots.

Protection of British industries, or protection of the home market, however, is not the primary object of the British tariff. It is designed to foster trade, not to inhibit it. It is not a wall, but a battering ram — against the tariffs of other nations. Whatever the clamor for protection by individual special interests may have been, it is doubtful whether the country would have accepted the tariff quite as readily if it had not had this broader view and larger hope to reconcile it to the historic switch in policy. In a world of rising tariff walls, the British tariff represents the first blow toward their destruction. That may sound like a paradox, but isn't. If Britain resolutely continues her policy, she may succeed in breaking the paralysis that grips world trade now. At least, that is her hope.

For the first principle of the British tariff is reciprocity. First, toward the members of the British Empire; second, toward the world in general. It is a fighting tariff. In the midst of general insanity, Great Britain is using her tariff to club the world back to economic clear-headedness.

Ottawa represents the first fruits of that policy. The Ottawa agreements are the first dent in the world's tariff walls made so far. And the British tariff was the birch rod which persuaded the dominions to get into line. Great Britain grants the dominions preferences for their products against similar preferences for British products. True, the mutual concessions are not on the same basis. Great Britain provides a free market for the food products of the dominions while taxing foreign foods, whereas the dominions continue to tax British manufactures. In so far, the ideal of "Empire Free Trade" fell short of realization. The dominions will continue to foster their native industries through tariff protection, even against British goods.

But through the British tariff the British delegation was able to obtain some very vital concessions which Britain had been unable to obtain before, and which should improve the British trade position somewhat. These concessions satisfy all sober British expectations. For aside from Beaverbrook, nobody expected that "Empire Free Trade" could be realized. What Britain wanted was to capture a part of the so-called "uncaptured" inter-Empire trade. This "uncaptured" trade represents Empire imports of foreign manufactured goods which Britain could supply as well. In normal times, it amounts to about one and a half billion dollars out of a total Empire import of five billion. The Ottawa agreements will by no means divert all this trade to the British Isles, but they will help.

The most important of these concessions is an actual reduction in the dominion tariff rates on British goods, particularly by Canada. It marks a complete reversal of Bennett's stand at previous Empire conferences at which he announced that Canada was willing to *increase* the duties on foreign goods, but could not possibly *decrease* the duties on British goods. This would have meant merely a further increase in

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tariff walls without benefiting British industry in the least. For though the increased rates on foreign goods would have provided increased preference for British goods, the remaining duties were still high enough to shut out British competition with the protected Canadian industry in the Canadian market. At Ottawa, Bennett not only pledged the Canadian Government to decrease the Canadian rates on British goods; he went even farther. He pledged his Government, first, to trim the Canadian tariff downward in order to "give United Kingdom producers full opportunity of reasonable competition" with Canadian producers; second, to extend protection only to those Canadian industries which are "reasonably assured of sound opportunity for success"; third, to give "sympathetic consideration to the possibility of reducing and ultimately abolishing the exchange dumping duty in so far as it applies to imports from the United Kingdom."

Similar concessions, adapted to varying circumstances, were extended to Great Britain by other dominions and by the dominions and colonies to one another. The application of these agreements in practice is to be supervised and many of the actual rates are to be fixed by dominion tariff boards. The final success of the work of Ottawa will therefore depend to a large degree on these tariff boards. There is no reason, however, to doubt their good faith in advance.

The British consumer, in turn, is to be protected by a clause in the agreements providing that dominion food producers must offer their products in sufficient quantities and at *world market prices* in order to retain the free market preference within Great Britain.

The practical effect of these agreements will be that Great Britain will buy a larger share of her food supplies from her dominions and that in return the dominions will buy a larger share of their manufactured imports from Great Britain. In addition, the dominions promise not to foster artificially the creation of industries which have "no sound opportunity for success" within the dominions, which means that the business in certain specialized industrial products will be turned over to Great Britain. Finally, the dominions promise to modify or discontinue entirely the various methods used to levy a special duty on British goods in order to counteract the price advantage gained by Great Britain because of the depreciation of the pound. The latter imposition has been particularly galling to British pride and will assume increased importance when, as is likely, the British pound is stabilized at a lower par. For it is considered improbable that the British pound will ever return to its old par of $4.86 to the pound; its present quotation around $3.50 to the pound is probably nearer to the ultimate stabilization point.

At first blush, it might be difficult to see how the Ottawa agreements can reduce the world's tariff walls. Rather they would seem to tend toward the creation of a new regional trade area such as the colonial empires of France and America which reserve between fifty and seventy-five per cent of their colonial trade for themselves. Great Britain's

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share in the trade of her Empire has been only thirty-four per cent and has been decreasing steadily. The Ottawa agreements may be expected to raise that percentage slightly. To the world in general, however, two other considerations are of far greater importance.

The first is that among one-quarter of the human race, tariff barriers have been reduced instead of being increased, as is the fashion elsewhere. In one-quarter of the world, therefore, trade may be expected to flow a little more freely, and if the world needs anything today it is a freer flow of trade to overcome its present stagnation.

The second consideration is that the Ottawa agreements mark the first attempt to slow down the further distribution and expansion of the world's overgrown industrial machine, and to restore a more normal exchange of goods between the raw material producing and the manufacturing countries. If the Ottawa agreements mean anything, they mean that among the members of the British Empire at least there will be no hot-house forcing of all sorts of industries that have no basis in the economy of the respective countries, and that the members of the British Empire will not resort to that foolish, ultra-nationalistic policy of industrial self-sufficiency, or "Autarkie," which is running riot in Central Europe, and is ruining it. Before Ottawa, the same trend had become apparent among the dominions, especially Canada. The Ottawa agreements do not attempt to stifle the natural industrial development of the dominions, but they do attempt to direct that development into the channels of economic sanity. They are the first step toward a realignment of the world's productive machinery ever undertaken, and therein, perhaps, lies their greatest significance to the world at large.

But though Great Britain may be expected to benefit from the Ottawa agreements, they will be scarcely sufficient to restore British industry to prosperity, or to solve the British unemployment problem. The Ottawa agreements, it is estimated, affect only two per cent of inter-Empire trade and only an infinitesimal percentage of the total world trade. Even a greater share of inter-Empire trade would not compensate Great Britain if such agreements meant loss of trade elsewhere. Fifty-seven per cent of all British exports go to non-Empire countries, and the British income from investments in non-Empire countries is of similar proportions. The British know, however, what so many Americans apparently do not, namely that international trade is an exchange of goods or services; that in order to sell abroad you must also buy abroad and that debts or interest on foreign investments can be paid only in goods or services. The British are too smart to cut off their nose to spite their face; to make it impossible for other countries either to buy British goods or to pay their debts.

For that reason, similar tariff reciprocity agreements are being sought with other countries, particularly those who have been buying a lot of British goods or who owe Britain money. Scandinavia and South America are being approached first, France and other European countries now engaged in a tariff-

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raising orgy will follow. Britain's super-salesman, the Prince of Wales, is touring Scandinavia, and wherever he goes a British Trade Exhibit or a "Buy British Week" follows his royal visits. Negotiations with the Argentine, where Britain has invested some two billion dollars, are already under way. And despite Bennett's exhortation (for the benefit of the Canadian lumber trade) that "no British hand should touch the bloody hand of Russia," even Russian trade will not be spurned and concessions made to get it.

In undertaking these negotiations, Great Britain faces a delicate task which will test British statesmanship. For the trade agreements with foreign countries must be squared with the Ottawa agreements, and mutual trade with foreign countries must be increased without impinging on the trade reserved for the dominions. The dominions are already growing uneasy about it, but the British usually know what they are about. They have this advantage: world trade has shrunk to such small proportions of its former total that there is almost unlimited opportunity for expanding it. And an increase in trade with one country need not mean a decrease in the trade with another. If, through the Ottawa agreements, the dominions are able to increase their trade with the United Kingdom, they are not likely to kick too strenuously if other countries also increase their trade with Great Britain.

In these negotiations, Great Britain may be expected to use her tariff in the same manner in which she used it at Ottawa. In the future, British trade concessions are likely to be put on the basis of *quid pro quo*. Great Britain would then grant the same advantages to the goods of foreign countries which these countries grant to British goods, or impose tariff rates on their goods similar to those which they impose on British goods. One concomitant of such a policy would be the abolition of the "Most-Favored Nation" clause which automatically extends trade concessions granted one country to all countries. Expressions of British public opinion have served ample warning that this step will be taken. The first effect of it would be further to complicate the world's tariff structure. A "fighting" or a "bargaining" tariff can scarcely be considered an ideal. It must of necessity produce constant bickering and constant changes, and therewith constant dislocation of trade. But British public opinion has become convinced that it is the only practical method to tear down the sky-high tariff barriers of many other nations, the only way to increase world trade and put the idle millions back to work. Since reason has become impotent, self-interest may turn the trick. If that hope fails, if other nations are not as amenable to that method as the dominions were at Ottawa, well — Great Britain will then face a new situation and will have to make new decisions.

THE American view of the Ottawa Conference has been somewhat obscured by close figuring on what America will "lose" by the mutual preferences among the members of the British Empire. This "loss" has been estimated at between seventy-five and three hundred million dol-

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lars a year, chiefly in exports of steel, coal, textiles, electrical supplies, automobiles, machinery and, above all, wheat and other agricultural products. It must be accepted as a sign of growing appreciation of America's position in the international scheme of things that the eagle did not scream louder than it did at such an outrage and such foreign malevolence against America. There is great promise of progress in that. The figures given are based, of course, on the persistent idea that international trade is a fixed quantity and that therefore what one country gains, another must necessarily lose. This fallacy has often been exploded, but it dies hard. If the Ottawa agreements contribute toward the economic recovery of the British Empire, American trade will gain more through the general increase in world trade than it could possibly lose through the mutual tariff preferences among the members of the British Empire.

As a matter of fact, America's exports are being killed off, not so much by foreign tariffs, as by the inability of the world to pay for them in gold, which is the only means of payment America will accept. With more than one-third of the world's gold supply already cornered by New York, and nearly another third sterilized in the vaults of the Bank of France, the amount which the rest of the world can spare for the purchase of American goods is very limited, especially since a good part of it must be reserved for the payment of debts owing to America or interest on American investments abroad.

This is readily illustrated in the case of Great Britain. Up to March this year, Great Britain had no tariffs worth speaking of. Yet American exports to Great Britain slumped from $1,034,000,000 in 1925 to $455,600,000 in 1931. If America could recapture even a part of that trade, it would more than compensate for any "loss" due to the Ottawa agreements. And if America could provide other means or methods of international payment, there is no limit to the expansion of her foreign trade, tariffs or no tariffs.

Such means or methods would be purchase of more foreign goods, greater use of foreign services, remission of foreign debts, new foreign loans, or expansion of the world's monetary base. But purchase of foreign goods is almost prohibited by the Hawley-Smoot tariff. The British tariff averages ten per cent, with some rates up to thirty-three and a third; the American tariff, because of its numerous specific duties on goods drastically reduced in price through the world depression, reached, according to the *Times Annalist*, an average of 57.3 per cent at the beginning of this year. Foreign services are utilized chiefly by American tourists traveling abroad, but their number and expenditures depend mainly on America's domestic prosperity. Remission of foreign debts is denounced as unpatriotic, new foreign loans are practically impossible till the question of the old debts is settled. There remains expansion of the world's monetary base through the remonetization of silver, which would raise the purchasing power of the Eastern half of the world's population. All these are problems which Ottawa left to the world

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economic conference to discuss and settle, if possible.

The fact is that the desire of the world for American goods has been so great, during and after the War, that it might be considered the principal cause for the collapse of the currencies of most nations and the present dislocation of world finance and world trade. The outside world purchased American goods — on credit — to such an extent that in trying to pay for them in the only medium which America will accept in settlement of its international balances, namely gold, the majority of the nations either lost their gold base entirely, or are hanging on to it only by the skin of their teeth. The European tariff-raising orgy started in nationalistic ambitions, but the final excesses of it followed the passage of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill which made payments to America even more impossible than before. These final excesses were not so much "retaliation"; they were measures of self-defense — an effort to prevent the continued purchase of foreign, including American, goods for gold in order to save the slim gold supply remaining in the country. They were not so much trade measures as currency protection measures, which contributed to the world collapse that has reduced American exports to one-third of those of 1929.

How far it would be really to the advantage of America to promote exports through any or all of these means is, of course, a matter of practical consideration. Their effect on the domestic market and the American financial structure would require closest scrutiny. But it is obvious that the present effort of America to collect huge debts abroad and to maintain a surplus of exports over imports has strained the world's economic system and is probably the biggest single factor in the present disarrangement. Unless this strain is eased, it is difficult to see how American exports can be expanded, irrespective of all tariffs. And without expansion of American exports, a complete solution of the unemployment problem seems impossible.

The British tariff and the Ottawa agreements will undoubtedly drive more American industries to Canada and Great Britain in an effort to share in inter-Empire trade. Canada, it is estimated, already has about one thousand American branch plants, representing an investment of nearly one and a half billion dollars. Their number is growing in Great Britain as well. Since most of these branch factories import parts for their finished products from America, they may be said to promote American exports indirectly. At the same time, since they compete with products finished in America, they probably deprive more Americans of work than they provide work for. Besides, they are under constant pressure to dispense with American imports and to manufacture their entire product of British materials and with British labor. At present, Canada requires that the products of American branch factories must contain at least fifty per cent of Empire products before being admitted to the inter-Empire tariff preferences; Great Britain requires only twenty-five per cent, but some dominions require as much as seventy-five per cent. A Canadian proposal at Ottawa to

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make it seventy-five per cent all around was defeated, but there is no guarantee that it might not be adopted at some future date.

But whether the exports are direct or indirect does not much matter. In the long run, America's foreign trade, like that of every other nation, will be governed by the state of her international balance of payments. America will be able to sell abroad, and collect debts or interest on her foreign investments, only in so far as she is willing to buy foreign goods or services, or to extend credit. In so far as she fails to do so, she will find her exports restricted to the amount of free gold in the world, and to the sums which foreigners or foreign investments in America are able to earn. There is no other way to pay for exports. Neither foreign tariffs nor the Ottawa agreements will make much difference, one way or another. International trade is not a one-sided affair; it is a matter of give and take. If America is unwilling to adjust her international balance of payments, and accept payment of credit balances in other mediums besides gold, her industries will have to reorient themselves and concentrate entirely on the domestic market. But if American foreign trade is killed off, America will kill it off herself.

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The Pretty

By Kingsley Moses

A Story

It did not often become cold so early in the winter. And the cold itself might not have mattered had not the wind constantly been rising.

A wicked sea was making, for sure; short, chopped-off white breakers spotted the dark slate of the farther water, and the trough of the sea close to shore was a scum of yellow froth. No dories would put out for town today; nor for three days more, like as not. A dull, dry Christmas for baymen.

"Allows to be a hell of a holiday!" old Ryan growled, joggling the glass jug so that the film of milky liquor at its bottom might at least slosh a little. "An' me slavin' the whole week for it!"

That was the dull injustice of this present situation. If a man didn't work he didn't deserve anything: "root hog or die" — that was fair enough. But when, throughout six days, a bayman had been toilsomely raking a winter sea for scallops to provide for his Christmas gin it was manifestly wrong that his industry should not be fittingly rewarded.

"It's this — now — disjointed social scheme," Jack Ryan remembered some editor's pet phrase. "It's the barriers between the producer and the ultimate consumer." In the lonely shack on the beach Jack seldom missed his newspapers, however late and sodden with salt water they might be when they got there. He could, in fact, no more have endured existence without newspapers than without booze.

But with a Sunday edition to thumb over and over, from Sports to Stock Market; enough alcohol, and warm water from the kettle on the range, even a three-day northeaster was entirely tolerable. Those same Sunday newspapers, tacked layer after layer on the walls, had sheathed the shack within against the assault of the most savage tempest: a snug harbor to berth in.

This, though, was Saturday evening. Tomorrow would be Christmas. And not a chance to stir out of the cabin for God knows how long. By foot it was eight miles to the village; most of the way along a rutted trace so deep in sand that a man sank to his shoelaces at every step. Spotty Sime, who claimed himself to be a Shinnecock, could make it; or any other young and robust native. Spotty habitually did journey

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by foot on Saturday nights, for the smallpox-pitted half-breed had an odd dread of the water. But old Jack, like most everybody else who squatted on this barren fluke of the island, always went by the water route; nursing along a rusty marine motor, or just rowing.

Years back, before that German shrapnel had fixed his left leg so that it was a couple of inches too short, and often unreliable, Jack Ryan wouldn't have been feazed by sixteen miles either. But even a mile across sluggish sand was too much now for the old-timer. The damned leg just quit — "like it had gone asleep, yuh know" — as he had tried to describe it to the doctors. "It hurts a while; then it quits hurtin': there's no feelin' at all except a sort o' pricklin'. And if I bear down — blop — she caves on me."

So they had marked him partial disability on that, and put him down for twenty-four dollars a month so long as he lived, and told him that any of the Veterans' hospitals would always be glad to look at the leg if it got worse; and some of them — only medical officers that they were — had actually remembered to salute the enlisted man when they said good-bye. "And I wish I'd made 'em all do just that!" the old soldier used to chuckle after his third warm drink of an evening. The joke of it was he could have made them all do just that: his service record included award of the highest honor — for extraordinary heroism above and beyond the line of duty — which any sovereign nation may bestow.

"A fat lot that gets me tonight!" said Jack Ryan, sloshing the pitiful ounces of liquor across the base of the glass jug. "You can't drink up a medal — not without you can locate a hock-shop first. Well —" he made his decision — "here's to crime anyhow. Let's drink up what we have and hope for what we haven't. *Trink nur ein glas zu wenig!* as the krauts said. Well, here's *gesundheit* — and many of 'em!" He grinned at himself in the cracked mirror which had been neatly repaired by two green postage stamps. The 'shine seared gratefully along the inside of his breastbone. He had a cheerful thought that one of the boys might possibly stagger on home tonight with a shot or two left in his hip bottle.

Things might be a hell of a lot worse, after all. He took off his shoes and went to bed.

IF HE had had his usual allowance of alcohol before sleep took him, Jack Ryan would not have waked up until dawn, as was his habit. And if he had not waked up in the dark, urgently desiring a drink, the little brown girl in the shack a quarter-mile distant would undoubtedly have been burned to death; since her father, Spotty Sime, had locked her in securely; and then handled his liquor worse than ever and got into the local lock-up at Sag Harbor for a stay over Sunday.

As it was, Jack saw the unnatural ruddiness of his neighbor's window; and stumped in stocking feet through the ice-sheathed beach grass and crusted sand to the burning cabin. His big fist crashed the window; frame, paper padding and all; and he lunged into the blazing room as he glimpsed the terrified little face peeping from beneath the bed.

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The child, reaching for a pan of glutinous condensed milk and water, had evidently pulled off the red cotton table cloth and the lamp upon it. The table was already a bonfire, and the flames were sweeping up the flimsy south walls of Sime's shack.

Tossing the child out the window, Jack looked for a possible pail of water; found not so much as a dipperfull. But on the shelf was an amber-colored quart bottle; and nearly full.

"Salvaged something beside the kid!" Jack laughed. He hoisted himself outside. Bottle and child he took back to his own cabin; glancing behind him only once at the rising fire, whipped up now by the draft sucked through the broken window.

In his own snug sanctuary he wrapped the youngster in blankets; and lifted her to watch the spectacular end of the shack which had been her home.

She genuinely enjoyed the display. With each blazing plunge of rafter or joist she chuckled: "Ooo — pretty!" But in a very few minutes the fireworks were all over. A cherry-red glow on the ground amid the gloomy dunes. Then the wind-driven sleet drenched out even that color.

Softly the child in Jack's arms began a mewing whimper. "Pop — I wan' my Pop. He's goin' tuh bring me a present for tomorra — Chrismus present."

"He can rate himself lucky to have anybody to bring a Christmas present to, button!" The whole thing was an accident; but the old soldier felt an unreasonable dislike for Spotty Sime at the moment. "But it ain't Christmas yet: not till tomorra. When you wake up in the mornin' —" He perceived that, with childish abruptness, Lulie had gone to sleep.

He laid her safely and securely wrapped up on the inside of the bed against the wall. Then took a huge gulp from the salvaged bottle.

When she woke him in the morning by poking at his bristly cheek Jack knew immediately that Sime's liquor must have been of worse than usual quality. He felt sour all through, and his head was feverish. Yet another drink would set him right — for a while anyhow. He poured a tin cup half full and spilled in an equal amount of water. The first big gulp set him beautifully steady.

"Well, how about some breakfast, Lulie?" He pulled on his shoes and lit the fire in his patched-up range.

"Cornflakes," agreed Lulie. "Is it Chrismus?"

Jack wondered how such a pretty brat could be any get of Sime's. About five years old, he guessed her. She was wearing shoes, though there were no stockings on her brown legs; but her faded pink cotton dress was fairly clean; and her wiry, reddish-brown hair was tied with a huge black ribbon.

"Yeah, this is Christmas," glancing out the window at the heavy, sullen day; and continuing to scrape together breakfast. Before he sat down to eat, he finished the stiff jolt of booze in the bottom of the tin cup. Then, between them, they put away half a package of cornflakes, smeared with yellow, undiluted condensed milk; and a pound of greasiest bacon rind.

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"Pop — when'll he be back?" she said, after wandering round the room for a few minutes.

Jack had the bizarre sense of being not entirely in his own body. It was not the pleasant, drunken lift which good liquor ought to give. He felt irritated, downright ugly. "Bum booze. Sime's would be!" He warped himself about and took a jolt from the neck of the bottle.

Immediately his temper was all right again: his flesh was dry and hot and his head was a little dizzy; but he was, for the moment, good-natured.

"Pop — when'll he be back?" the child reiterated. "He's goin' tuh bring me a Chrismus gift."

"Yeah?" Jack set the dishes in the deep dishpan. He'd go out and pump the pan full presently. Pretty quick. He sat down in his one-armed chair and stared out the window.

Lulie came shyly and put her hand in his. Her eyes were surprisingly large and brown and gentle: that was the colored blood, the red man's eyes are not soft that way. And the eyes were unduly bright, it seemed to Jack Ryan. "Here, yuh aren't goin' to cry, are yuh?"

"He promised," she said, "tuh bring me a pretty."

That came from her Negro mother too. Jack had served one whole hitch at Oglethorpe and a year at Pensacola. Been long in Port au Prince too; but those were French dinges in Haiti. "Pretty" was a Southern States' word.

"Goin' tuh bring you a pretty, eh?"

"Yes." A tear went spilling over the black lashes and trickled down each cheek.

Abruptly the room was in sunlight. There was a rip in the solid clouds halfway up to the zenith. The sun was a yellow disc, and would soon be obscured again as the ragged clouds from below were swept up over it. But the brief warmth brought a corresponding glow to the crippled man.

"Here," he grunted, pulling himself to his feet. He stumped over to the box he had nailed to the wall and fitted with a padlock. He opened his makeshift safe and pulled out a leather case. "Here's your pretty."

On its broad, blue ribbon he hung the Congressional Medal of Honor around the little colored girl's neck.

"You can keep that," he smiled, "till — till — your Pop gets around to bringin' you somethin' for your own Christmas."

"Oo — my pretty!" The bright-polished medal was gripped in both her small hands. "Pretty — pretty!"

"Yeah?" That ugly feeling was in his head again. He stumbled to the bed and stretched himself across it.

THE rusty alarm clock showed quarter past one when Jack Ryan woke up chilled and aching. His very first thought was of the amber quart on the shelf. Thank God there was still a pint or so in it! The angles of the room were askew before his eyes. It wasn't the D. T.'s of course — he hadn't had enough for that. But if you cut off a drinking man's liquor all of a sudden — He pulled himself to a sitting posture and bit his dry lips.

Lulie was in front of him.

"Jack!" she wailed — every one called him Jack. "I — I — lost my pretty!"

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He wanted to hit her. That ugly, hating feeling soured him through and through.

"I lost it — in the water. I was tryin' to see myself — leanin' way, way over — "

"In the deep water?" His crazy little pier ran out to a fathom's depth.

"Uh-huh. Off'n the end." Her hands twisted her pink pinafore into a ball as her sleeve rubbed at her salt-rimmed cheeks. Jack had seen her, on calm days, leaning far over the extreme end of his rickety wharf where the flat water served as a befogged mirror. She hadn't known that on a windy day like this the turbid sea would fail her for a looking-glass. And as for going out and trying to espy it himself — in such weather you couldn't see a foot below the surface; much less a fathom. Jack nearly upset the bottle with his nastily shaking hand, gulping the drink.

Better! And you didn't hit even a careless little kid on Christmas, did you! "Well, Lulie, we'll find it — sometime."

Two of the three gentlemen who walked into the shack to wake him were well known by old Jack Ryan. The mayor of the town, Mr. Murgatroyd — the old stiff — had fined him twice. Major Wellen was the hotel man whose estate was a show place of the Island.

Inspiration had come to these two. One hundred and fifty years ago there had been a Revolutionary skirmish hereabouts. The town proposed to celebrate.

General Haines, United States Army, retired, was to be the principal speaker. And an enthusiastic local newspaper reporter had come galloping to the general with the rumor that there was a Congressional Medal of Honor holder in the township. Rather to the surprise of the mayor — and even of the duration-of-the-War major — the retired general officer had explained just how rare Congressional Medal of Honor men are. "Considerably more consequential than a mere brigadier," the old soldier put it. "He rates a salute from all ranks — army, navy, marine corps."

That was over the bigwigs' heads. But here was good publicity — and the mayor and the major were extensive realty owners. So they essayed this trip to the sand spit.

But they weren't either of them very much surprised to discover that the alleged hero was quite drunk. Everything but the veteran's true distinction had been well advertised throughout the county.

And old Jack, abruptly awakened, was at his ugliest.

"Mr. Ryan," Mayor Murgatroyd opened, "it has come to our ears that you hold the Congressional Medal of Honor."

Jack sourly sat up. His eyeballs were yellowed and dull; his scant hair bristled ludicrously. Most of his thick chest was bare through the unbuttoned woollen undershirt; his trousers sagged low beneath a bulging abdomen.

"What of it?" he suggested.

The three visitors had come in and closed the door to shut off the icy gale. Lulie, behind the range, peered out at them. Major Wellen, whose military commission derived from the construction of miles of emergency barracks in the Middle

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West, spied the dusky child and drew the nasty inference.

"We would — ah — like to see your medal," the mayor offered a cue.

"What for?" Old Jack's eye fixed the bottle. He shuffled to it and drained it clean. Then tossed it empty into a corner.

The immaculate Wellen raised his eyes at his friends.

Jack went back and sat down on the bed, running his hand over the dust-colored tuft of hair in the middle of his bald scalp. He was beginning to feel more pugnacious than trembly. The liquor was taking hold.

"We are anxious to see it," the mayor repeated.

"What's that to me?"

The general spoke quietly. "Ryan, I'm an old soldier myself. Name is Haines. I'd be honored to see your medal."

Jack's yellowed eyes inspected the officer. "I'm tellin' you I lost it."

"Lost it! Well, you have the citation; would show on your service record."

"No. Lost them too; years ago." His wallet, with all his papers, had been stolen from him long before while on a bat in Boston. But the medal he had kept safe in the waistband pocket of his trousers.

"I told you he didn't have it," the mayor muttered. The enthusiastic reporter fool had been — just enthusiastic. "John J. Ryan, you see," he pointed out astutely to the general, "means absolutely nothing. Fifty — a hundred of that name likely enough in the army."

"A man of this type, my dear General, would scarcely have such a medal," supplied the fat, hotel-keeping major.

Jack spoke up at that. "Drag your fat guts on out o' here!"

NEVERTHELESS the committee of three came back just two days later. General Haines had been busy on the telephone with the Chief of Staff's office in Washington.

Also Mayor Murgatroyd had heard from Sag Harbor all about the Shinnecock vagrant whose child might consistently be left in Jack Ryan's care while her father served out his short sentence. Major Wellen had to stomach the chance of again being grossly insulted.

But no answer came to the knock on Ryan's door; though there was a queer whimpering inside, like a lonely, frightened little animal's. The general pushed the door open.

Old Jack had been dead — pneumonia maybe — for all of twenty-four hours. He was stiff in his drenched clothes upon a sodden mattress.

The dark child said, as the gentlemen stood and stared. "But he foun' me my pretty!" She held up the missing medal.

"Where did you get that, little girl?" The general had his soft hat held precisely across his body at salute.

"My Chrismus gift. I dropped it in the water."

"He went out to get it for you?" said Wellen.

Through the open door you could see the sunshine gleaming as if reflected from glass on the bright armor of ice which sheathed the pilings far above high-water mark. The frozen foam lay on the ridges of the sand of the beach like the artful scallops of a meringue.

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"He waded — in this weather — in after it?" Wellen could not fathom this. "He went in after it?"

"Sho, I should smile tuh tell yuh."

Erect by the sodden bed, as at an honored catafalque, the general stirred at last to draw from his pocket a flat morocco case. From it he took a new medal. Around the dead man's neck he hung the spangled blue ribbon, the bronze star on the gray throat.

"My pretty — anuvver!" Lulie hop-skipped forward.

"No, little girl, you have one." The general stopped her gently. "This is Jack's Christmas gift."

Mid-Winter Brood

By Faith Vilas

Rime of north wind and dry-blown weed,
Have woven a nest for Snowbold seed.
This brittle brood is hatched in trees,
To the rock and creak of stiffened knees.

Down slant moon-straws star-milk slips,
Chilled white pap for hungry lips.
Hollow boughs thunder against the cold,
And waken fledglings four frosts old.

While shrill winds whistle through rattling grass,
And icicles clatter clappers of glass;
Down from their nests the weirdlings slide
To dance on the crust of the country-side.

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The Merely Great

By Berenice C. Skidelsky

Some reminiscences of an interviewer

Teacher, of course, was a Being Apart. She sat, solitary and all-powerful, upon a platform, arbitrating your destiny for several hours a day in School, that mystic world into which you had lately been inducted and which seemed wholly unrelated to your former one. That did not last long. Before many years of grade school had passed, Teacher had become a person. A person still marked out a bit, it is true, from the common herd, but nevertheless a thing of human clay. Through the processes of education a new set of Beings Apart had risen. These new ones were no longer living. Glamorous and misty with distance, they were to your childish mind in no way related to the bipeds you commonly knew as human beings. They shared with them no functions, no needs, no habits.

About the time you were nine or ten there was a prize essay contest for school children of your city, the theme being: "Who Were the Three Greatest Americans?" and you heard and took part in considerable discussion about it. Washington and Lincoln rolled trippingly off your tongue and the tongues of your contemporaries. Not one of you would have dreamed of denying them priority over all others. Concerning the third, there was considerable disagreement. Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Patrick Henry and a few others, all had their staunch supporters.

You talked about it one night at dinner and your elders took it up. "I don't class Washington among the three greatest Americans," said your uncle.

You fairly gasped with incredulity. Why, one might as well deny the alternation of day and night!

"Of course," added your uncle, "he's one of the most famous; but there's no inevitable relation between greatness and fame."

You swallowed that, undigested. You had no idea, then, what a ruminant it was going to make of you; no faint inkling how often it was going to be regurgitated through the years.

The processes of education revealed to you more Beings Apart than those in political fields. Shakespeare was the greatest writer who ever lived; seven cities claimed great Homer dead; Rembrandt was one of the world's greatest painters, Bee-

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thoven one of the greatest composers, and so on and on.

There were Beings Apart, too, who were not dead; all sorts of persons in high places whose apartness was luminous and intangible. The President of the United States was one. The kings and queens of Europe (they were more numerous then) were others. Judges, politicians, famous actors, opera stars, writers, editors and a host of others in what seemed high places, all belonged to a different world from yourself.

I remember (to change the pronoun, for after all these are my experiences, although I suspect that in their essence they are yours as well) — I remember traveling once from St. Louis to Springfield, sacred to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and encountering on the train an old woman who lived on a farm a few miles from the latter city. She remembered Lincoln from the time when she was a little girl (she lived in Petersburg); and she said her family knew him well. Her whole tendency was to disparage him.

"We around here," she said, "we knew what a small world he lived in."

Washington, on the other hand, she fairly apotheosized. She kept emphasizing the fact of her first-hand knowledge of Lincoln's world, and seemed utterly unaware that the implication of her every word was that a great figure to her had to be an abstract figure; that Washington, hallowed by tradition, would outshine Lincoln, seen in the flesh. Not, of course, that she was different from the rest of us.

Meeting celebrities, the great, the near-great, the pseudo-great, has an inevitable effect upon one's sense of proportion. After half a dozen such encounters in which nebulous names are resolved into persons, one realizes once and for all time the flesh-and-blood-ness shared alike by the great and the mediocre — sees Caesar, actually, for instance, as the funny bald-headed old man of Cleopatra's description (via Mr. Shaw), or Trojan Helen as the simple woman that Erskine makes of her.

A "feature writer" for newspapers and magazines is exposed to disillusionment of this sort much more than normal people; and after having in that capacity many interviews with persons whose names for one reason or another stood out, I realized fully how true my uncle's wisdom was.

When, after my first few weeks on a newspaper I was set to writing special stories, Galli-Curci had just made one of those spectacular débuts that a generation earlier would have resulted in the horses' being taken from her carriage and a throng of ardent admirers substituted to draw the vehicle through streets lined with cheering crowds. (At least so we're told it used to be done.) I was sent to interview her. I was not yet hardened to "greatness" and had painful misgivings over her reception of so humble an individual as myself, but she was gracious and entirely simple. We talked about American and European music, about her marvelous natural gift, which had brought her to prominence with almost no instruction, about various aspects of her art. It was a very satisfactory interview, from my point of view, and from hers, evidently, for she sent me an autographed photograph

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and a note of thanks after it appeared. But —

"It's a good enough interview," said my managing editor grudgingly. "But why did you talk to her about her 'art'?" (With contempt emphasizing the monosyllable.) "Of course they all love their art! Why didn't you ask her what she thought about Brooklyn?"

The comparative importance of Brooklyn and great art had been fixed quite firmly in my mind, but this editor was a man of experience and his comment shook me badly. Still, the interview itself remained a vivid and satisfying experience, in no way subversive to my illusions. Others brought me a better understanding of my editor's cynical point of view. For instance, I was sent once to Mrs. Vernon Castle's home to learn what the famous dancer thought about such vital feminine topics as length of skirts, height of heels and sleeveless gowns. She had started, it may be remembered, the bobbed hair fashion, and the part of her conversation which I remember best was this:

"I find bobbed hair so comfortable that I hate to give it up. And yet I suppose I ought to: I know every one is wondering what I'm going to do next."

This was in those troubled months just before the close of the Great War, when every one had much, much else to wonder about.

One day I went to interview Theodore Dreiser. His novel, *The "Genius,"* had been suppressed a few years before and the case was just coming up for trial. He lived at that time on West Tenth Street in New York, very simply and unpretentiously. He opened the door himself, a tall man, dressed in a smock, with a face certainly not handsome yet individual and arresting. He welcomed me politely enough, but guardedly, as if he meant to take my measure before committing himself. His scrutiny must have been satisfactory, at least in assuring him of my sympathy, for he talked at length on life, literature and people.

We talked chiefly of suppressions, and pondered the fact that books of serious intent, like his own *The "Genius,"* challenge the attention of the suppressors, whereas musical comedies, burlesques and vaudeville skits, oftentimes shameless in their obscenities, pass without protest.

"As I see it," he said, "life — the technique or method of living — is not a fact but an agreement. To that can be traced the roots of most protests such as this which has been raised against my book, and of which there are of course innumerable counterparts in literary history. There exists an uneasy, smoldering fear lest the points of the agreement be nullified; a fear that what has been achieved might be destroyed.

"And what would seem to corroborate that analysis of motive is the fact that only when a so-called 'objectionable' work is sincere and above vulgarity in its intention do people get excited about it. Some of the plays presented on the stage today, the moving pictures, the musical comedies, though surely in need of censorship, evade it.

"I confess I'm puzzled; I don't understand the psychology back of their acceptance by the vice com-

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mission, in view of the general stand that it takes. Perhaps it is their brevity, the fact that they are quickly over, and that the points condemnable from the censors' standpoint are passed almost before there is time fully to grasp them.

"The novel's fate seems to bring it more within the grasp and the investigation of the censors and vice commissions than any other form of art. A novel is a full spiritual transcript of characters; because of its logic and its philosophy, there is no escape from its true significance. It relentlessly shows all facets of life, being the most leisurely of all literary forms."

At that time, Dreiser felt no resentment toward those who didn't like his books. He declared it to be the most natural thing in the world that persons should be divided in their opinions about him and his work, for he saw in that division an expression of the inevitable friction of ideas inseparable from man's relation with man, and unquestionably an important element in furthering human growth.

"Of course I have my following," he said, "and that is all one can expect, or indeed wish for. But I want them, at least, to be allowed to 'follow' in peace! If there are mature minds who want what I have to give, I object to its being forbidden them because a handful of persons, whose competence to judge might well be questioned, feel that it isn't good mental food for children."

One wonders, since the success of *An American Tragedy*, whether Dreiser still retains the same spirit of humility and large-minded tolerance that was his a decade or so ago. There are rumors abroad in the land that he does not, though to any one who ever felt and believed in the basic simplicity of the man, a superior, self-important Dreiser is incredible — even granting that anything is possible in man.

THE platitude that "all truly big people are humble and simple; it is only the little ones who take themselves seriously" is far from watertight in its applicability. They say of Victor Hugo that he entertained no doubts concerning his consummate greatness; he accepted as his due all the homage lavished upon him by the sycophants with whom he surrounded himself, and when some of them assured him that the name of the city of Paris would one day be changed to Victor Hugo, he saw nothing ludicrous in the idea, but gravely acquiesced.

Simplicity and humility would hardly be called the outstanding characteristics of one man of indubitable position who furnished one of my most interesting interviews. It was a conversation in Ebury Street — though not one which got itself incorporated in George Moore's book.

The house in Ebury Street is quaint, old, rather small and wholly Victorian in tone. The front part of the ground floor is taken up by a long narrow room, strongly reminiscent of an old-fashioned American "parlor," into which I was ushered from a narrow hall. There was a square table near the window; and this was for the moment the tea table, though probably it was at other times also a work table, for a desk stood just beside it. There were many paintings

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on the walls, some of them the work of Moore himself, for he was a painter before he turned to literature. In one corner, catching the full light of the windows, hung the portrait of Moore familiarized by frequent reproductions; a portrait of a middle-aged, red-haired, rather red-faced man, with a drooping red mustache. There was little of resemblance to be traced between the portrait and the white-haired old man drinking tea that afternoon.

George Moore's reputation is that of a man who shuns publicity and scorns the public; but I found him so briskly alive to the values and methods of the former that I rather doubted the validity of the reputed scorn. He thrust upon me with no delay the rôle of auditor to a recital of *The Apostle*, a play which he had just written, adapted from his novel, *The Brook Kerith*. After that, with lively understanding of the spirit of interviewing, he pegged away in a steady stream. Sometimes he lapsed into a method favored by vaudeville artists.

"— and then you must ask me so-and-so," he would say, "and then I answer such-and-such." Not much scorn of publicity there!

Several times in outlining his play, he stumbled and hesitated in his effort to formulate his thought. Once he apologized and added:

"You phrase that yourself — I'm sure you have a much readier pen than I have!" Back of which remark could be read, through the tone and the accompanying glance: "You know, of course, that I jest; it wouldn't be possible for any one to have a readier pen than I have!" Which is true enough, at that!

After we had disposed of the play and its implications, which Mr. Moore had elected as the interview "topic," the conversation became general and more interesting. Mention was made of D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow*, and of Cabell's *Jurgen*, both of which Mr. Moore dismissed contemptuously with a comment to the effect that he had "read a few pages here and there — couldn't see anything to them."

One of the most amusing elements in that talk was his indignant dissertation upon the passing of courtesy in the modern world, especially among young people, whose failure to say "sir" and "madam" in addressing their elders he found unforgivable. I attempted a defense by saying that the present generation tends to find that the extraneities of courtesy are not the essence thereof, but Mr. Moore overruled me with a plea for forms as being inseparable from essences.

To one long familiar with *The Lake*, with *A Drama in Muslin* and half a dozen other fine pieces of literature, that afternoon was a remarkable one. Passages from them kept drifting through my mind — bits of summarized wisdom that reflected various aspects of their author's personality. But, try as I would, I could not fit them to the man who sat opposite me.

Not that the written word can ever safely be taken as index to the writer. Thomas Hardy has commented drily that "it is as risky to calculate people's way of living from their writings as their incomes from their way of living." I heard in London, from a delightful old man named Macmurdo, who had been the intimate of the Brownings and other

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Victorian notables, of an incident in which the poet who wrote "kind hearts are more than coronets," threw the mustard pot at his children's tutor (Macmurdo's brother-in-law) one morning at breakfast, because the tutor, in the course of an abstract discussion, stood firmly by opinions in opposition to Tennyson's own. "Simple faith" may be "more than Norman blood," but illustrations are legion that the man who said it was the quintessence of autocratic arrogance and undisciplined temper.

A STUDY in violent contrasts among the great — or better stick to the safer word "famous" — was afforded me through interviews, within a few days of each other, with the late Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, the Spanish novelist whose *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* had such overwhelming success during the War, and Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian apostle of the mystical.

I met the Spaniard, very simply, in a small and ordinary hotel room. To meet the Belgian, I was ushered with much ceremony into a very large, very lofty, very dim and stately hall, filled with oriental rugs, elaborate chairs and, at one shadowy end, a large canopied structure, like a throne platform, which would have served admirably in the setting of some vague and mystical Maeterlinck drama. A manager stood stern guard over him, shielding him with a solicitude both annoying and amusing from the stings and bruises of contact with such harsh realities as American journals and their representatives. In fact, the poor author himself seemed so bewildered by it all that one had to feel sorry for him.

Ibáñez, on the other hand, was vital, buoyant and self-assured. He was a large man and his heavy face was deeply lined, giving testimony that as one measures by years he was no longer young. But his mobile mouth reflected an amazingly youthful and plastic spirit and the smoldering fire of brown eyes beneath drawn brows corroborated the evidence of his mouth. There was a dynamic, driving power about him strikingly different from the timid, shrinking self-effacement of the Belgian Maeterlinck.

"I write explosively," Ibáñez said. "I am sometimes hardly aware of what I am doing. It is a species of somnambulism, of hypnotism, perhaps. The germ of an idea comes to me; it grows and grows, until there is a spontaneous combustion and in the ensuing fever it writes itself."

He talked — prophetically, as time has shown — of the future of War books. "The great flow of War-inspired fiction," he said, "is for the moment practically stemmed. But in the course of a decade a new type will begin to appear: War books with much mellowed philosophical commentary."

Suddenly he looked at me with eyes of keen inquiry.

"Have you written a novel yet?" he demanded.

"Why, no," — startled — "not yet."

"What are you waiting for?" he interrupted. "Oh, I know — you don't have to tell me. You want to wait until you're sure you can write a good novel. Well, don't. That way you'll never get anywhere. Write a

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poor novel, if need be. Be content to write a bad one. It's just as satisfactory, as a start. Begin — begin! Otherwise you'll accomplish nothing."

Which bit of advice, from one who accomplished much, at least materially and quantitatively, is herewith passed on, for what it is worth.

From Maeterlinck nothing vigorous nor personal could be extracted. We talked of literature and he expressed admiration for Emerson and Poe among Americans, seeming to know no others. I did draw him out just a little when I mentioned his excursions into the realms of the occult. He reiterated his belief in the survival of the human spirit after bodily death, although he was reluctant to elaborate upon it.

A year or two later, in Paris, I had a kind of abortive interview with Max Nordau — abortive, because he was at that time exceedingly ill (he died a few months later), and it was impossible to conduct an interview along the accustomed lines. But I had been very eager to get his "thirty years after" impressions of his own book, *Degeneration*, which in the 'Nineties had caused such commotion in literary circles, with its theory that whereas genius and disequilibration do not necessarily go together, it is possible that they might, and that more often than not they do. Maeterlinck, termed "a poor devil of an idiot," was among the genius-degenerates of whom the book treated, along with such other notables as Ibsen, Tolstoi, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Wagner and many more.

"If I had it to write over again, I would say the same things," Nordau had said, in response to my first general question, drawing his patriarchal figure to its full height, his eyes flashing in a last reminiscence of the vigor of personality which must originally have been his. I thought of the shy, bewildered soul I had met in New York, and of Nordau's characterization of him in his book.

"Maeterlinck?" I asked.

"Ah—Maeterlinck!" replied Nordau. "There, I grant you, I might make some change. That is," he went on hastily, "I am by no means saying that I would take him out of the ranks of the degenerates. But I would do now what I was not ready to do then; I would at least grant him real genius. Some of his subsequent work has gained him that."

THE word "great" is bandied about with astonishing nonchalance. A visit to a library catalogue reveals some amusing evidences of it; one can read about great achievements, great adventures, the great American ass, great apes, great auks, even the "great bastard, protector of the little one" (with 5,000 *louis d'or* offered in Cologne, 1689, to discover the author), great murder cases, battles, etc., throughout the alphabet.

Some one has said that

> The merely great are, all in all,
> No more than what the merely small
> Esteem them . . .

which isn't without its measure of truth. A few years ago when *Lummox* was moving thousands of good but undiscriminating souls with its maudlin saccharinities, I asked a number of readers of Miss Hurst's novel upon

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the fortunes of a servant girl whether they had ever read George Moore's *Esther Waters*, that fine work about the same humble type of character. Many had never heard of it; they knew Fannie Hurst well, but nothing of George Moore. Yet surely there is little question that when time has subjected contemporary literature to its inevitable chemistry, *Esther Waters* is far more likely to have remained in the precipitate, and *Lummox* (there can certainly be *no* question about this!) to have disappeared in the evaporation.

A volume of Edgar Allan Poe's criticisms, picked up at random one day, revealed rhapsodies over persons who no longer exist, even as names. One of them was about a poet, a Mrs. Kirkland who wrote under the name of Mary Clavers.

"Unquestionably," declared her eminent critic, "she is one of our best writers."

Yet I for one had never heard of Mary Clavers; and I am fairly sure that a questionnaire circulated today would demonstrate an almost universal like ignorance.

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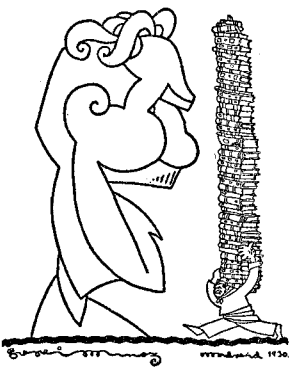
THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



ALONG with a few hundred thousand other farmers, the Landscaper has spent a good deal of time recently trying to extract some degree of comfort from the speeches of Messrs. Hoover and Roosevelt, both of whom give every evidence of being intensely interested in the plight of American agriculture. Politicians are more disturbed than ever over the plight of the farmer this year, for his numbers, already large enough, have been considerably swollen by the recent trend back to the land. Little enough can be said about tilling the soil as a business just now, but farmers eat with pleasing regularity, no matter how few clothes they may have, or how little gasoline they can buy for the old Ford. Mr. Hoover thinks that what is needed is to lend the farmer more money; what Mr. Roosevelt thinks is pretty much of anybody's guess. Neither seems to be getting much of anywhere with a problem that appears about as grave as any we face today. Grave from a number of angles; it is not inconceivable that the appalling trend toward tenant-farming may hold within itself the seeds of a revolution, for it is the property owner who makes the warmest defender of the *status quo*.

Not long ago the Landscaper read that the national income from agriculture was something like sixteen and a half billion dollars in 1919, and that it had declined steadily year after year until it would hardly exceed six billions in 1932, a loss of ten billions of dollars in purchasing power, which by no means tells the whole story, because in the same period everything the farmer has had to buy has mounted steadily in price! Perhaps if one said that the American farmer, in spite of improved methods of production, resulting in greater yields at smaller costs, was twenty billions of dollars worse off in 1932 than in 1919, the guess would not be far wrong. No remedies that have been offered up to now have had any effect whatever; actually there is no answer except a rise in the price of farm products with a lowering in the price of the products of industry. Perhaps something might be done by a lowering of tariffs — at least the desperate situation seems to justify the suggestion of a trial of the plan — perhaps, on the other hand, the answer is that farming is not a profitable business in terms of dollars

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and cents, that we have deluded the tiller of the soil into thinking he could live like the overpaid factory worker in a boom period, and that he should have something else for his efforts besides the pleasures of the rural scene.

Is This the Way Out?

ANYWAY, it is an involved question, and one the Landscaper could write about indefinitely, and with real emotion, the reason for the heart-throbs being more than a recent financial statement of the operations of a hill farm in the South, which, with everything in its favor, is as far in the red as most American businesses, although nothing more has ever been expected of it than that it sustain itself. This it can not do with what appears to be intelligent management, and it would seem to be painfully typical of the whole situation in this country with respect to agriculture. Many of the problems hinted at in the foregoing are discussed at length in O. M. Kile's *The New Agriculture* (Macmillan, $2), an intelligent and interesting book, although it offers nothing really new as a way out. Mr. Kile believes we should make farming more efficient, which always sounds well, but one wonders a little just what would become of our surplus farm population if we managed to raise the commodities we needed on half, let us say, of the present acreage. Let the State or the nation take care of the dispossessed until they can find a place somewhere else in the scheme of things, says Mr. Kile. This, of course, is in line with the general trend of present-day thinking, when every conceivable problem is dumped down on the doorstep of government without, it seems, giving any attention to two factors: first, that our kind of government is a most inefficient and expensive way of getting anything done, and second, that no government, State or national, can get any money to pay for the performance of these miracles except from one source, the taxpayer. This phase of technological unemployment would be extremely difficult to deal with, for the farming population forced to give up agriculture could only be put to work somewhere else after a considerable and expensive period of re-education.

Pity the Poor Peasant

WHAT is the alternative to the improvement of the whole agricultural system to a point where it may be called really efficient? Mr. Kile says, "subsistence farming." In other words, agriculture for the support of the individual without regard to profit. The picture he draws of this type of farming is, from the American point of view, certainly not a happy one, for while there may be a chicken for the pot whenever needed, there is not even one car in the garage. In short, farming on the peasant basis, which seems to have given security and satisfaction to a good many generations of Europeans, as in France, is un-American; our "living standards" are too high to make anything of the kind possible except for the few individualists who are not influenced by community opinion, and who are willing to get out of farming what there is in it bodily and spiritually without expecting it to produce

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money for automobiles, radios, movies and top hats.

'Twas Not Ever Thus

IT SEEMS to this observer that what we really need is to clarify our thinking on the subject — to decide what we really want out of life. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt both, it appears, think we want what a part of the population enjoyed back in 1928 and 1929, too much of everything. Perhaps they are right, but the point is they have not yet shown any way for the farmer to enjoy this porcine state of bliss. Mr. Kile's book is worth reading; the Landscaper's scurrilous remarks arise, perhaps, from the fact that he has fought the battle of improved agriculture at first hand more than once, and helped to win victories, but in all the sections where these campaigns took place, the farmers are completely broke, and in most cases have not only lost everything, but are finding it hard to get work as tenants or crop-sharers. Things were not thus a quarter of a century ago when farmers made very little money, but usually a little more than they needed because they lived at home, and well. Just one of those romantic backward-lookers, the Landscaper. . . .

What's Wrong With Us?

THERE is a chapter on the same general subject in *Facing the Facts: an Economic Diagnosis* (Putnam, $3), a collection of a number of essays by members of the faculty of Princeton University edited by J. G. Smith. Among the contributors are E. W. Kemmerer, who writes on the gold standard, C. R. Whittlesey, F. H. Dixon, and several others, including A. M. McIsaac, who discusses the agricultural problem without offering any very startling solutions, and who even half-heartedly takes up the cudgels for Mr. Hoover's famous Farm Board. This, too, is on the whole a thoughtful book for the orthodox; its dynamite content is pretty small. Those readers who feel that something drastic must be done might better spend twenty-five cents for V. F. Calverton's contribution to the John Day pamphlets, *For Revolution*, which is a straight-out call-to-arms by one of the intellectuals of the Karl Marx camp. Mr. Calverton is for a little blood-letting; he thinks it is better for a few thousands to die deaths by violence than for millions to die slowly and painfully because of the exploitation of the Capitalist class. The logic of this kind of reasoning eludes the Landscaper — of course a revolution that would make the world a happier place for every one would be worth while, and people have to die, anyway, but it is necessary to swallow the Marxian theories hook, line and sinker to string along with Mr. Calverton. Joseph Wood Krutch pointed out in a recent essay that the Marxians have the zeal of religious converts, and resent nothing more than a tempered sympathy; they insist upon all or nothing. This attitude is a familiar one in history, and indeed Mr. Calverton's calmness toward the possibility of much bloodshed is of a piece with the attitude of the worst sort of religious fanatic. The tortures of the Inquisition were extremely logical, for what does it matter how a man's body be racked if his soul is saved?

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Mr. Wells Dreams On

In other words, as bad as certain things are in this country as it stands, Mr. Calverton and his friends have to produce more evidence of the workability of the Marxian ideas before the Landscaper goes over to the proletariat. Another pamphlet in this same series is H. G. Wells's *What Should be Done Now: A Memorandum of the World Situation*, in which Mr. Wells continues to dream of the Superstate, and world-wide economic planning, showing his usual amazing faculty for ignoring the real factors in the situation, as for example, the recent intensification of nationalism that is so disquieting a feature of the world-scene at the moment. Mr. Wells is an idealist adrift in an eminently practical world; he is right only in his statement of the need for what he suggests. Then, too, he fails to explain where we are to get the Supermen for the Superstate; the ones in sight seem to have a devilish time living up to their present somewhat limited responsibilities.

A number of other books are about that need to be mentioned in connection with this discussion of current problems. James Truslow Adams has begun a most readable history of the United States called *The March of Democracy*, the first volume of which is entitled *The Rise of the Union* (Scribner, $3.50), with an abundance of illustrations, which should make its appeal to the average citizen interested in the story of his country. Mr. Adams writes well and interestingly, and is not afraid of unconventional judgments; his book promises to be most valuable.

Mr. Rockefeller as Hero

John T. Flynn's *God's Gold* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), a life of John D. Rockefeller, written impartially and with the greatest care, is a remarkable interpretation, which for all its truth-telling, paints the portrait of the Oil King as a hero of the New Economics, hero, that is, in the Carlylean sense. This book is American history, too, and of the best sort. *Prospecting for Heaven: Some Conversations About Science and the Good Life*, by Edwin R. Embree (Viking, $1.75) reports a series of imaginary, although correct, conversations among Mr. Embree, the secretary of the Rosenwald Foundation, and a number of people, such as Dr. Clarence M. Hincks, the head of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, Victor Heiser, International Director of Public Health Work; Howard W. Odum, editor of the *Journal of Social Forces*, and others, all of whom are interested in making the world a better place to live in. The conversations are lively, although the basic fault of the book seems to be the belief that the so-called mental sciences, which are not sciences at all, have progressed far enough to bring some order into a sadly disorganized world. There is a good deal of good sense in the book, however, and certainly an abundance of material for argument.

More American History

An important sociological document is *Manhattan's Oases: New York's 1932 Speakeasies* by Al Herschfield (Dutton, $3.50), a large and handsome book that in its very appearance is a symbol of the stabil-

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ity and respectability of the successor to the corner saloon. Heywood Broun has contributed the introduction, and Mr. Herschfield has drawn pictures of the speakies about which he writes. The favorite recipes of the various bartenders are also offered, including the formula for "smoke," the depression drink of the Bowery, although the reader is warned not to drink the mixture after he has made it. There is a suggestion that the book may serve very quickly as a souvenir of a forgotten era; in short, that legal liquor will be back before we know it, and the speakeasy a thing of the past. But what if the present generation, knowing nothing of the delights of the old "back room," refuses to give up its speakeasies? In all seriousness, they will be relinquished with some bitterness, and by a generation that was, according to the Prohibitionists, never to know the taste of liquor. It's a curious world, and things just don't seem to work out in it the way they should, which has nothing to do with the excellence of Mr. Herschfield's volume. It is not a large book; thousands of the city's speakies receive no mention whatever, but the selection is a good one — a sort of "quality group" in the jargon of magazine advertising.

Mr. Faulkner Advances

Of the current fiction offerings, the Landscaper finds William Faulkner's latest, *Light in August* (Harrison Smith and Robert K. Haas, $2.50), perhaps the most impressive. It is in every respect a better novel than *Sanctuary*, less violent and more understanding, a full-length book that while not very even in quality, goes a long way to prove the outstanding ability of its author among the younger novelists of the present-day. Best of all, it shows that Mr. Faulkner is capable of a great deal of self-discipline; he is still a very young man measured by his accomplishments and there is no doubt now that he will be able to maintain his position. The fecundity of his talent is very striking; at his very best he writes as beautifully as any one would wish. He understands characterization, and can handle complicated plots, or themes, with skill. One might go on enumerating his virtues without, of course, breaking down the prejudice that exists against him among a good many people who will not even read him to find out whether or not they like him. The new book is no light novel by any stretch of the imagination, but it has more than a little of Faulkner's humor, which is a rare and precious humor, and it shows that he can be tender when he likes. This department has said more than once that there was genius in Faulkner, and the opinion stands. It is a remark that has not been made here about very many of the present crop of novelists in this country or England.

The Shame of Georgia

John L. Spivak has written a novel about another Southern State than Mr. Faulkner's Mississippi, which is in the Faulkner mood and an unexaggerated picture of the penal system in a civilized commonwealth. It is called *Georgia Nigger* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2.50), and relates the efforts of David Jackson to escape from a chain gang. To sub-

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stantiate the truth of the story, there are a number of photographs and other documents. Mr. Spivak spent a long time in Georgia collecting his material, and knows quite well what he is talking about. One supposes that the people who are shocked by Mr. Faulkner will wish to ignore *Georgia Nigger* also. It is a terrific indictment and ought to arouse a sufficient amount of indignation to improve conditions somewhat. It is strange that any American could have the nerve to point the finger of scorn at any other nation when such things as Mr. Spivak depicts are allowed, and are not isolated instances, for the Alabama and Florida convict lease systems both produced horrors without end in their day, and probably continue to do so.

Some Good Novels

LION FEUCHTWANGER adds to his historical novels a story of Rome in the time of Jesus, which is called *Josephus* (Viking Press, $2.50), a long, full story, rich in color and atmosphere and as skilfully handled as its predecessors. It is the great historian, Flavius Josephus, who is the principal character, of course. Rose Macaulay makes a real departure in her latest novel, *The Shadow Flies* (Harper, $2.50), in writing about a past period, Stuart England in the time of Robert Herrick, who is one of her principal characters. She brings to this piece of work a fine scholarship that enables her to recreate the period easily and effectively, and while the novel is not likely to become a best-seller because of the very nature of its material, it will give a great deal of pleasure to the people who like it. Much of the action takes place at Cambridge, and such worthies as John Milton, Andrew Marvell, Abraham Cowley, John Cleveland, and many others appear as persons of the drama. The intellectual atmosphere is reproduced with great skill, and there is a charming heroine, although not the most convincing young woman ever to be put into a book.

Portrait of a Philanderer

AMONG the other American novels of recent publication, Rose C. Feld's *A Young Man of Fifty* (Dutton, $2.50), is particularly worthy of attention as a portrait of a philanderer, which some suspect has been done from life. It belongs with two other novels that have long been favorites of the Landscaper, although they are both about as uncomfortable reading for any member of the male sex as may be found in the world. These are May Sinclair's *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* and "Elizabeth's" *Vera*. Miss Feld is less savage with her man than these other two, but she does make him uncomfortably ridiculous. He has an understanding and forgiving wife, who knows that for all his dashing around, he is really innocent, and likes playing at being the gallant far better than he enjoys the part in actual practice. This is a good novel; it shows Miss Feld's rather remarkable versatility, since it bears no relation to her earlier *Heritage*, a novel of the soil, and makes one eager to see what she will do next.

Another good novel by a newcomer is *Here Are My Children*, the author of which is Mona Goodwyn Williams (Mohawk Press, $2). The

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theme is all too familiarly American. It is the tragedy of a woman who learns that her children's world and her own are different. There are two boys and two girls, skilfully individualized by the author, and each offering a different kind of problem for the parent. This is a book of substantial merit, well-written and well-constructed, and dealing with important material. It belongs on a limited list of this year's first novels the Landscaper would be willing to advise experimenting with, both for its own sake and the possible future of the author.

Other Interesting Novels

FROM the same publishing house come two other novels the Landscaper has found interesting, *The Fanatics*, by Charles Bonner, a novel of small-town America and the conflict between a happy family and a Puritanical minister, which results in pretty much of a smash-up for the family, and *The Blood of the Lamb* by Matthew Mark, a novel of the World War and after that is admirably done, and full of the stuff from which nightmares are made. The second book has been done under a nom de plume, of course; the author tells stories about the War that can match anything written on the subject for cold horror. Mr. Bonner's book shows many evidences of talent, both in style and characterization.

From the better established novelists have come such books as *Beyond the Blue Sierra*, by Honoré Morrow (Morrow, $2.50), a return to the tradition of this author's earlier books, which had great popularity. This time she has chosen to tell the story of the settlement of California from Mexico in 1775–1776, a colorful period which she handles with her usual skill. This sort of thing Mrs. Morrow does as well as any American, and if her new book is less popular than its predecessors it will not be because it is not well up to her high mark.

A Novel About a Novelist

THEN, at the other extreme, there is Isa Glenn's *East of Eden* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a novel of the New York literary set, with a poet-novelist who died only a little while ago as the heroine, and with a good many other well-known people serving as characters. Miss Glenn knows a lot about writing novels, and this one is done carefully, but it does not seem to come to much, although the Landscaper is willing to admit to a strong prejudice against novels about novelists, or any kind of literary people.

Zelda Fitzgerald, the wife of Scott Fitzgerald, makes her first appearance as a novelist with *Save Me The Waltz* (Scribner, $2), the story of a Southern girl who spent some years in the post-War Europe of drink and disillusionment and finally returned to her own home town to piece together the fragments of her life. It is a period Mrs. Fitzgerald seems to know very well, and she has some gifts as a writer of fiction. The man's side of the familiar triangle is presented in *Hands as Bands* by C. T. Revere (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, $2), a novel of contemporary American social and business life that should interest many people. More fiction is at hand, but space runs short. The most unusual novel

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the Landscaper has seen lately is William Rose Benet's *Rip Tide* (Duffield and Green, $2.50), which tells the story of a family, mother, father, and son, in verse, and verse of a very high quality.

Hemingway on Bullfighting

AN IMPORTANT volume from the miscellaneous shelf is Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* (Scribner, $3.50), which is primarily a book about bullfighting, and the best book of its kind on the subject in any language. It also contains Mr. Hemingway's views on life and art, and a number of stories illustrating various points and in some instances, illustrating how far we have come since the days of Anthony Comstock. Mr. Hemingway's vocabulary was not acquired exclusively at Sunday School, and he still likes to shock people, a small-boy trait he may lose one of these days. But the unnecessary vulgarity of some of the book does not take away from the main achievement, which is to explain an institution instinctively hated by most Anglo-Saxons so thoroughly and carefully that if they continue to hate it in future they will at least know what they are hating. Mr. Hemingway has seen fifteen hundred bulls killed, and knows most of the bullfighters well and intimately, including our own Sidney Franklin, of whom his opinion is very high. The book has the finest collection of bullfight pictures the Landscaper has ever come across and an excellent glossary, in which Mr. Hemingway turns dictionary maker without leaving any of his four-letter words at home. Have we really conquered censorship?

Three Unusual Americans

THE biography shelf is more interesting this month than it has been for some time, ranging all the way from an excellent study of the three Jameses, Henry senior, William, and Henry junior, to a life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. C. Hartley Grattan is the author of the James book, which is called *The Three Jameses: A Family of Minds* (Longmans, Green, $3.50). This is a book into which a great deal of painstaking and conscientious work has gone, an eminently sound interpretation of three extraordinarily fascinating characters. The background covers the whole history of America and is done with whatever attention seems necessary, but the emphasis is upon the men themselves, the elder James, a Swedenborgian closely connected with the Transcendentalist movement in New England, and the two sons, the philosopher who wrote like a novelist, and the other who did just the reverse. . . . Mr. Grattan has made a real contribution in this volume.

Earle Looker, author of *The White House Gang*, the story of Roosevelt's years in Washington, has done another interesting book on the inexhaustible Teddy called *Colonel Roosevelt: Private Citizen* (Fleming H. Revell), and covering the years between 1915 and 1919 when the national defense was the subject nearest to the Colonel's heart. Mrs. Roosevelt has praised the new book, and it will delight all the loyal followers who are left. It is largely noncritical, but it tells a lively story of the last years of Roosevelt's life, which found him active to the very

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end, and, as always, a vital, appealing figure.

Americans and Others

OTHER American biographies worthy of attention include *John Slidell and the Confederates in Paris* by Beckles Willson (Minton, Balch, $3.50), a full account of a little-known chapter in the history of the War Between the States and *Darling of Misfortune* by Richard Lockridge (Century, $3.50), a life of Edwin Booth by the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*. The life of the famous Duchess of Marlborough already mentioned is by Kathleen Campbell (Little, Brown, $4), and is an admirable study of a whole period, as well as an excellent portrait of a vigorous and engaging woman. Another biography that appealed to the Landscaper was *Flight of the Swan: A Memory of Anna Pavlowa* by André Oliveroff (Dutton, $4), the author having been Pavlowa's first classical dancer for ten years. Something quite definite went out of the lives of many of us when Pavlowa died; the Landscaper looks back upon his first acquaintance with her in 1911 as one of his earliest meetings with a great artist, for such she was, and more, perhaps, a symbol of a world that was dead when 1918 arrived. Oliveroff has written a charming book about her. He says she died only a few moments after saying to her maid: "Prepare my swan costume," the perfect romantic gesture of departure.

More of Yeats-Brown

A VARIETY of books of other sorts remains to be mentioned at least briefly. There is, for example, another book by F. Yeats-Brown, the author of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, one of the best of recent best-sellers. The new book is called *Bloody Years* (Viking, $2.75), and is principally about Turkey in the period of Abdul Hamid II. It is hardly so interesting a book as its predecessor, but it contains much of its author's undeniable charm of personality, and plenty of exciting incidents. Then there is *Flesh of the Wild Ox* by Carleton S. Coon (Morrow, $2.75), a perfectly delightful book on the Riffians, those strange Nordic people in the North of Africa who, under the leadership of Abd-el-Krim, gave Spain and France so much trouble a few years ago. Mr. Coon is an anthropologist who has done some learned volumes on the same people, so that he knows his subject. He writes first-rate stuff.

Information About Russia

FOR those who might be contemplating a journey to Russia in quest of employment, or who merely wish to have a good, simple guide to the organization of the U. S. S. R., governmental and economic, Amkniga Corporation is distributing *Economic Conditions in U. S. S. R.*, illustrated, and with many charts and tables, besides a good index. The Soviet Chamber of Commerce is also getting out other publications, one of the handsomest of the lot being *The U.S. S. R. in Construction*, a monthly with text in English and many striking photographs reproduced in rotogravure. This, too, may be had from Amkniga.

There is another book that deserves a good deal more space than it can be allotted just at present, *Not*

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to be Repeated; Merry-Go-Round of Europe, written by various authorities on the countries in question (Long and Smith, $3), and excellent reading, besides being genuinely informative. It is not the gossipy type of book of which we have had so much lately, but rather an informal lowdown on a great many things and people, including the League of Nations. Naturally there is a good deal of irreverence in the book, but most of the people attacked are stuffed shirts of one sort or another. Books of this sort promote real international understanding. . . .

For people who are discouraged about the Depression, Robert Gebler's *Get That Job* (Stokes, $1) and Vash Young's *Let's Start Over Again* (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50) offer plenty of good cheer; both are full of fine sales talks — inspirational in the good old pre-Depression manner, and likely to have large sales. For people who enjoy being discouraged about the World Outlook, there is José Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses* (Norton), a somewhat muddled-headed but undeniably fascinating book about the rule of The People and its dangers, written by a Spanish Republican of high standing.

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